

# THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

|                            |                           |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Belloc</i> . . . . .    | Anne Boleyn               |
| <i>Delany</i> . . . . .    | Professor and Saint       |
| <i>Dinnis</i> . . . . .    | A Mystic Plaything        |
| <i>Bunker</i> . . . . .    | Ballad of the Crosses     |
| <i>Moeslein</i> . . . . .  | Are Negroes Inferior?     |
| <i>McNeil</i> . . . . .    | Why Called Catholic?      |
| <i>Pulsford</i> . . . . .  | Some Men Die Twice        |
| <i>Lynch</i> . . . . .     | Before Getting Married    |
| <i>Cagney</i> . . . . .    | Hankow In Desolation      |
| <i>MacDonald</i> . . . . . | Assumptions of Evolution  |
| <i>Cain</i> . . . . .      | Catholic Education Center |
| <i>Gibbons</i> . . . . .   | The Conquest of New York  |

---

Vol. II No. 3

OCTOBER, 1931

Price 20c

# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

Please Write To:

The . . .  
Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City New Jersey

Long after you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual help you may need. \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

**—MEMBERS** of this society are enrolled as perpetual benefactors of the Passionist Missionaries in China, and participate in the following benefits:

## WHILE LIVING

One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts

of the Church:

|                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Jan. 1, The Circumcision             | Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew      |
| Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus           | Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary     |
| Feb. 2, The Purification of Our Lady | Sept. 22, St. Matthew         |
| Feb. 24, St. Matthias                | Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude  |
| May 1, Sts. Philip and James         | Nov. 30, St. Andrew           |
| May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross     | Dec. 21, St. Thomas           |
| July 25, St. James                   | Dec. 26, St. Stephen          |
|                                      | Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist |

## AFTER DEATH

One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

## FURTHERMORE

Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

• • •

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience..

# HIGHLAND TRUST COMPANY

Summit Ave. and Seventh St.  
(Transfer Station)  
UNION CITY, N. J.

The accounts of firms, corporations  
and individuals are invited.

2% Interest paid on Check Accounts  
4% Interest paid on Special Accounts

Our Foreign Department renders di-  
rect service to all important centers  
of the World.

## Banking Hours

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
Saturday, 9 A. M. to 12 Noon.  
Monday Evenings, 6 to 8.30 o'clock.

Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent at  
\$4.00 per year and up.

## OFFICERS

Chairman of the Board  
**FRANK C. FERGUSON**

President  
**LIVINGSTON WILLSE**

Vice-President  
**LOUIS L. SCHMITT**

Vice-President and Treasurer  
**CHARLES M. MINDNICH**

Secretary  
**JOSEPH B. FEENEY**

Assistant Treasurer  
**JOSEPH F. HESS**

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.  
Editor

REV. SILVAN LATOUR, C.P.  
Mission Procurator

REV. ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.  
Associate Editor

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS, OCTOBER, 1931

IN THIS ISSUE . . . . . Harold Purcell, C.P. 130  
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT . . . . . 131

THE GERMAN CATHOLIC PROGRAM—IMPORTED AND NATIVE CRIMINALS  
—EPISCOPALIANS AND REMARRIAGE—ANGELS FOR GUARDIANS—NO  
BASEMENT BARGAINS—THE SPREAD OF BOLSHEVISM—JACOB BREN-  
NER'S GOOD EXAMPLE—OUT OF THE BAG—LONG AND SHORT VIEWS  
PATRONIZE THE POOR BOX—TOASTS WITHIN THE MONTH.

|   |                            |     |
|---|----------------------------|-----|
| CATEGORICA                                | Edited by N. M. Law        | 134 |
| ARE NEGROES INFERIOR?                     | Mark Moeslein, C.P.        | 137 |
| THE CONQUEST OF NEW YORK                  | John Gibbons               | 141 |
| WAY OF THE CROSS                          | Katherine Burton           | 143 |
| BALLAD OF THE CROSSES                     | John Bunker                | 144 |
| ANNE BOLEYN                               | Hilaire Belloc             | 145 |
| ASSUMPTIONS OF EVOLUTION                  | ✠ Alexander MacDonald      | 148 |
| MAY PAGEANT                               | Richard A. Welfie, S.J.    | 149 |
| SOME MEN DIE TWICE                        | Daniel B. Pulsford         | 150 |
| THE LAW OF LIFE                           | Millicent Claire McNicholl | 152 |
| POROUS PLASTERS AND WOODEN LEGS           | Ig Nikilis                 | 153 |
| BEFORE GETTING MARRIED                    | Adrian Lynch, C.P.         | 155 |
| PERILS                                    | Cray Coventry              | 157 |
| WHY CALLED CATHOLIC?                      | ✠ Neil McNeill             | 158 |
| THE SIGN POST                             |                            | 159 |
| A MYSTIC PLAYTHING                        | Enid Dinns                 | 165 |
| THE NATIONAL CENTER OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION | H. Edward Cain             | 169 |
| UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR AND SAINT            | Selden Peabody Delany      | 173 |
| THE TREE OF LIFE                          | Hugh F. Blunt              | 175 |
| A STORY OF WISDOM                         | Edwin Essex, O.P.          | 176 |
| HIKING WITH SHAKESPEARE                   | Kate Stevens               | 177 |
| NOTES ON NEW BOOKS                        |                            | 179 |
| GEMMA'S LEAGUE                            |                            | 182 |

## THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

|                              |                         |     |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|-----|
| DESOLATION IN HANKOW         | Alfred Cagney, C.P.     | 183 |
| RIDING THE FLOOD             | Timothy McDermott, C.P. | 188 |
| A FIRST RELIGIOUS PROFESSION | Francis Flaherty, C.P.  | 191 |

THE SIGN is published  
monthly at Union City, N. J.,  
by the Passionist Missions, Inc.  
Subscription price: \$2.00 per  
year, in advance; single copies,  
20c; Canada, \$2.25 per year;  
Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Manuscripts should be ad-  
dressed to the Editor. They  
should be typewritten. All ac-  
cepted manuscripts are paid for

on acceptance, without reference  
to time of publication.

Subscriptions, Advertising and  
Business Matters should be ad-  
dressed to the Managing Editor.  
Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Dis-  
continuance, change of address  
should be sent in at least two  
weeks before they are to go into  
effect. Both the old and the new

address should always be given.

Entered as Second-Class Mat-  
ter, September 20, 1921, at the  
Post Office at Union City, N. J.,  
under the act of March 3, 1879.

All the contents of THE SIGN are  
protected by copyright. The Edi-  
tor's permission must be obtained  
for reprint of any entire contribu-  
tion. Copyright, 1931.



# IN THIS ISSUE

OUR heartfelt sympathy is extended to the Society of Jesus, especially the Missouri Province, on the great loss of ten priests and scholastics who were among the victims of the hurricane that ravaged British Honduras. This sympathy is all the keener by reason of our personal knowledge of the good work being done there by the Society under the able direction of the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Murphy, S. J., D. D., Bishop of Belize. And, besides, we are interested in all forms of missionary activity.

ANOTHER missionary district, our own Passionist Prefecture in Hunan, is also in distress, owing to the havoc wrought by the torrential rains that caused the overflowing of the Yangtse River. In our mission section are two thrilling accounts of the situation: "Desolation in Hankow" by Father Alfred Cagney, C. P., and "Riding the Flood," by Father Timothy McDermott, C. P., who has just returned to China after a visit home for medical treatment.

IN THE face of this calamity," writes Father Alfred, "the authorities are doing what they can to bring relief to the sufferers. It is estimated that there are 300,000 refugees in Hankow. Feeding so many is a problem—a problem made doubly difficult, if not hopeless, by the destruction of the very area which supplied the vegetable markets of the city. Hundreds have been drowned and other hundreds are dying daily. Of sanitation there is none, so that pestilence is raising its menacing form."

WE ARE singularly honored in being privileged to present two articles in this issue by members of the Canadian Hierarchy. His Excellency, the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, in "Why Called Catholic?" tells us how the name Catholic became both an appellative and qualitative description of the Church. The former Bishop of Victoria, B. C., and present titular Bishop of Hebron, His Excellency, the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald, shows its merely theoretical basis in the "Assumptions of Evolution."

OUR readers' attention is drawn to the advertisement of Miss Enid Dinnis' books on page 180. In running this ad our chief purpose is to give these books a wider circulation. We venture to say that no other writer has attempted the style of story in which Miss Dinnis has so admirably succeeded. Had she devoted her exceptional talent to writing the sex stuff that vitiates so much popular fiction she could easily have joined the ranks of the best sellers. But she

has elected, at great financial loss, to be a Catholic writer who writes as a Catholic. If you are an intelligent lover of good fiction you'll read her books. "A Mystic Plaything" in this issue is up to her usual standard.

THE third article in Father Adrian Lynch's series on "The Canon Law of Marriage" appears in this issue. In the next he will discuss the impediments to marriage. The question-and-answer form in which these articles are presented was adopted as being the simplest form of written instruction. Many clerical subscribers are reading the series as a review of this section of the Canon Law and a surprisingly large number of our lay readers are anxiously awaiting each installment.

PLEASE don't overlook Father Mark Moeslein's article, "Are Negroes Inferior?" We are always glad to publish the needs of our colored people. We are particularly glad to say a good word for Father Mark's work. He is approaching his eightieth year and is over fifty-three years a priest, yet he is zealously carrying on with all the energy and enthusiasm of a much younger man. If he wished, he could long since have retired to the comparative leisure and comfort of the monastery, but he must work all the harder as it draws towards the evening. May I be permitted to drop into the personal in saying that I know of no man for whose character and work I have such profound regard. I do hope that many of our readers will help him to build up Our Mother of Mercy Mission.

"ANNE BOLEYN" is the third of Mr. Belloc's twelve character studies of the English Reformation. The series illustrates the fact that the "sense" of history can be learned better through a knowledge of vital personalities than of naked facts. § Mr. John Gibbons can't write fiction. His fiction is fact. "The Conquest of New York" narrates his experiences in the steerage of the Paris coming to New York. § "Hiking With Shakespeare" by Kate Stevens is in the manner of the author's "Shingling With Shakespeare" which appeared in another issue. § This month's issue is notably rich in poetic contributions. § Daniel B. Pulsford gives us another sample of his unique studies of the Passion characters in "Some Men Die Twice." § A new contributor is H. Edward Cain in "The National Center of Catholic Education." § Current Fact and Comment, Categorical, The Sign Post, Notes on New Books, Gemma's League, and The Passionists in China are regular features.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



OWNED, EDITED AND  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
PASSIONIST FATHERS

LEGAL TITLE:  
PASSIONIST MISSIONS,  
INC.

MONASTERY PLACE,  
UNION CITY, N. J.

Telephone:  
Union 7-6893

# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One Year . . . \$2.00  
Three Years . . . \$5.00  
Life . . . \$50.00  
CANADA: 25c Extra  
FOREIGN: 50c Extra

All Checks and Money  
Orders Should Be  
Made Payable to THE  
SIGN. Cash should be  
Sent in Registered  
Letters only.

## CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

READERS of the daily Press are familiar with the determined policy of self-discipline and self-help adopted by Dr. Bruening, the Catholic Chancellor of

### The German Catholic Program

Germany. Behind this policy the Catholic General Assembly, held this year in Nuremberg, put itself unreservedly. The Assembly, in fact, indorsed the whole attitude of the Catholic Centre Party which stands for democratic conservatism between the Bolshevism of the Left and the nationalism of the Right. The extremes of both the Right and the Left have practically neutralized each other with the result that the Catholic Centre has won a predominance altogether out of proportion to its own efforts or numbers.

The same character of sane conservatism and pronounced democracy marked the General Assembly. It undoubtedly was a Catholic congress, but the strictly religious aspect was less in evidence than the social. There was comparatively little talk of what Catholics as Catholics demanded but a great deal of talk of what is demanded of Catholics for the good of Germany at the present time. In the various addresses the most frequently recurring note was the social duty incumbent upon every Catholic and Christian citizen. Among the resolutions was one that called for the coöperation of Catholics with other Christians in the preservation of a morally sound Germany founded on Christian principles, and the patriotic necessity of resolute resistance to Bolshevist propaganda.

OUR hundred per cent patriots are apt to be startled by the assertion in the report of the Wickersham Commission that the foreign-born in this country, in proportion to their numbers,

### Imported and Native Criminals

"commit considerably fewer crimes than the native-born." The Commission's further statement that the gang activities in our larger cities are attributable to the sons of immigrants would imply that our American institutions and methods are not blameless in their education and training of the second generation. Dr. Edith Abbott, dean of the Graduate School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago, made the factual survey for the report. She wisely observes: "Charging our high crime rates against the foreign-born is merely evading the real difficulties of life, instead of trying to solve them."

The majority of immigrants come to this country to better themselves and their families; if they succeed, it is usually at the cost of hard labor and patient self-

sacrifice. Unfortunately many of them, owing to economic or other causes, seem to have abdicated their parental authority and let their children run loose. It is from this class of children that the gang element is largely recruited. To the disgrace of the Church some of them bear Catholic names and call themselves Catholics; but as a rule they do not attend the parochial school and their religious exercises are generally limited to the observance of special feast-days. The immigrants recognize civil and religious restraints; the second generation suffers from a false sense of freedom and lack of religious instruction.

AT the coming General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to be held in Denver a new marriage canon will be proposed and voted upon. This canon provides for the operation of an "ecclesiastical marital court" in every district—a court that shall be competent to hold an inquisition

### Episcopalians and Remarriage

into the characters of all the parties to a matrimonial tangle and consider whether the welfare of the individual parties and the good of society in general would be served by granting them permission to conduct fresh matrimonial experiments under the sanction of the Episcopal Church.

"Any person whose former marriage has been dissolved for any cause, by a civil court, may, after the expiration of one year from the granting of the divorce, apply to the ecclesiastical marital court of his or her domicile for permission to marry another person. The court shall thereupon inquire into the characters of the parties to the previous and to the proposed marriage, and determine whether the welfare of the parties and the good of society will be served by the proposed marriage."

Such is the canon to be considered. The best comment on it that has come under our notice is in *The Church Times* of London:

"The Roman Church is unquestionably making many converts among native-born Americans, and although profession of allegiance to Rome is still a handicap in the highest flights of American political achievement, its influence, politically and socially, is immense and increasing. . . . In their attitude towards members of other religious bodies, the leaders of the Roman Church in America are, in striking contrast to the common habit in this country, sympathetic and kindly. If the proposed new marriage canon were adopted, the Roman Church would gain a vast prestige from the tenacity with which it maintains the Christian moral law. Upholders of the morality of Christendom would be com-

pelled to cast their eyes to the leadership of Rome. And the Roman Church in the United States, with its marked consideration for outsiders and due regard for opportunities afforded by others' follies, could hardly be expected to do otherwise than profit by hauling in the flotsam of an Anglican wreck."

■ ■ ■

**Angels for Guardians**

AN aspect of popular piety which the Church always encourages and regulates is the association of particular days, weeks, months and seasons with some specific doctrine or devotion. For centuries devotion to our Guardian Angels has been linked with the month of October. The word "Angel"

simply means a messenger, but we find in Holy Scripture three preëminent offices assigned to these heavenly spirits; they are Adoring Choristers, Commissioned Messengers between God and men, and Guardians. In 1508 a festival was assigned to the Guardian Angels, and Pope Clement X, about one hundred years later, fixed October 2 as the Feast of the Guardian Angels.

From the earliest days of Christianity the common belief has been that not only the baptized but every human being is under the special care of one of God's Angels. In the Old Testament we read of the promise that the Guardian Angel should lead Moses and the children of Israel; we hear Jacob praying his good Angel to bless his grandsons; Judith says that "His Angel hath been my Keeper, both going hence, and returning from there." Then we have the tender story of the Archangel Raphael and Tobias. In the New Testament we have Our Lord's testimony: "See that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their Angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven."

During the month of October it will do us great good to think of these heavenly guardians of mankind. We could ponder with profit *The Dream of Gerontius*, that great classic of Cardinal Newman, or his beautiful lines on The Guardian Angel:

My oldest friend, mine from the hour  
When first I drew my breath;  
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,  
Unfailing, till my death.

Or John Keble's poem for the Feast of St. Michael in the *Christian Year*:

Grant, Lord, that when around the expiring world,  
Our Seraph Guardians wait,  
While on her death-bed, ere to ruin hurled,  
She owns Thee, all too late,  
They to their charge may turn, and thankful see  
Thy mark upon us still;  
Then all together rise, and reign with Thee,  
And all their holy joy o'er contrite hearts fulfil!

■ ■ ■

**No Basement Bargains**

THE evident progress of the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries is a big enough fact to make the critics of Catholicism stop and think. In striking contrast to the shrinking numbers of the Protestant sects, the Church is steadily adding to her children by conversions among the

more intelligent as well as the average type. Perhaps the strongest appeal she makes to these converts lies in her exacting a definite standard of faith and maintaining a fixed code of morals. The trouble with the sects is that they demand too little rather than too much from their adherents. A high standard of faith

and conduct may be difficult for most people, but a whittled-down standard of Christianity is not worth accepting and supporting.

Religion is either the main thing in life or only "a decorative convention of respectability." If the former, those who know its value will cheerfully pay the proper price. If the latter, why bother about it at all? The Church is convinced that she has the pearl of greater price, and she cannot therefore afford to deal in basement bargains. When the rich young man turned away sorrowful because he was not ready to make the self-renunciation that Christ demanded of him, the Gospel does not state he lost respect for Our Lord because of the demands made, but undoubtedly he would have lost respect for Him if He receded from those demands and had eaten His words. Whatever intelligent persons may think of this or that individual dogma or practice of the Church, they at least know what she teaches and stands for. Very much like her Divine Founder?

■ ■ ■

**The Spread of Bolshevism**

WE hope that we are far from seeing "red," but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that Communist activities are not limited to Russia. They are spreading widely and rapidly. Only a short time ago those activities were very prominent in China; they are present today in Spain; the recent uprising in Portugal was inspired and probably financed in Moscow, as the munitions used by the rebels were of Russian manufacture. And there can be hardly any doubt that the Bolsheviks are looking for great success in Great Britain in the next General Election. The numerically strongest party in the House of Commons is the Labor Party. Its present leader, Arthur Henderson, who succeeded Ramsay MacDonald, is the avowed and trusted friend of Moscow. During the years of his cabinet office he subordinated Englishism to Muscovism. Cautious publicists in England are openly stating that his agents are unscrupulously doing their utmost to deceive the electors by proclaiming an untrue version of the national crisis. They fear that the coming election will not be a clean contest and that Russian help will be used to back prodigious efforts to secure Hendersonian control of the Government. We are not particularly concerned with the internal politics of Great Britain. We write this note by way of warning, for if Bolshevism meets with any success in England it will meet with greater success in America.

■ ■ ■

**Jacob Brenner's Good Example**

JACOB BRENNER set a fine example when in a Brooklyn Court he entered a plea of guilty for his client who was charged with robbery. He declared his belief that the accused might be acquitted if he faced trial, but declared, "I am satisfied he is guilty and that punishment of him would be for the best interests not only of society but of himself."

Here we have a member of the Bar who regards as something more substantial than a mere form the ethical canons of his profession which explicitly state:

"The responsibility for advising questionable transactions, for bringing questionable suits, for urging questionable defenses, is the lawyer's responsibility. He cannot escape it by urging as an excuse that he is only following his client's instructions."

The guilty client may reject his lawyer's advice to plead guilty. In that case the lawyer should use all his

ability in seeing that his client get a fair trial and beyond that he should not go. Many lawyers, however, act as though they were convinced that the whole purpose of the Code of Criminal Procedure is primarily to provide loopholes, delays and all manner of obstruction by which they may save their clients, whatever their guilt, from getting condign punishment. The unfortunate thing is that many lawyers put greed before decency. They will never enter a plea of guilty as long as there is money behind the client and anything is left in the bag of legal tricks.

In this crime-ridden country our cry is "Catch the criminal!" But what is the use of catching him if he can have a conscienceless lawyer to save him from his just fate? There are two classes of criminal lawyers: those who handle criminal cases and those who are criminals themselves. The latter class predominates.

**W**HILE Bishop James Cannon, Jr., was on a sanctified trip in Europe the Senate Investigation Committee were finding out what he had done with almost \$100,000 contributed for use in Virginia against Alfred E. Smith in the last Presidential campaign. Through a maze of bank transactions they were particularly anxious to trace \$65,000 contributed by Edwin Cornell ("Fat Cat") Jameson. The Bishop had failed to report to Congress \$48,300 of this sum.

### Out of the Bag

He kept eight bank accounts, both personal and political, in five banks. He signed checks as "James Cannon, Jr., Chairman," "James Cannon, Jr.," "James Cannon, Jr., executor." According to special investigator, Basil Maxwell Manly, he jumbled his accounts for no other purpose than to cover identity of contributions and to block investigation. Of "Fat Cat's" contribution only \$22,544 could be traced to Anti-Smith Democrats in Virginia. As executor the Bishop opened a special account for the estate of a woman long dead and later used the account as a political depository. He paid \$528 from a political account to cover a personal note. He also had an account for a business concern the charter of which had been canceled seven years before. Among contributors to Bishop Cannon was Ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, who gave \$10,000 in cashier checks which had been paid for in cash. Claudius Hart Huston, later on Chairman of the Republican National Committee, gave \$5,000. Neither of these contributions was reported to Congress. Comment of Senator Nye: "When all the information is put together it will clearly show actual diversion of campaign money to the private accounts of Bishop Cannon."

**T**HAT parlor Bolshevik, *The Nation*, of New York, has a brand-new slant on the Papacy. It finds indications in various items of news "that the power of the Papacy is waning and with it that of the Roman Catholic Church itself." Even American Catholics are growing indifferent, for as

### Long and Short Views

*The Nation* says: "We seem to recall no swelling, resounding protests; no passionate processions through our streets bespeaking the intercession of high heaven, no magnificent mass meetings in Carnegie Hall to ask that lightnings destroy the idolaters and heretics in Spain. . . ." But, then, "what else could have been expected? Could anyone believe that a Church which still believes in miracles and the superhuman could remain unchanged in a wholly changing world which

has seen more than one safely anchored institution swept from its moorings?"

We think *The Nation* unduly excited. Evidently it reads the news but not history. Now, the *New York Times* not only furnishes news but also reads history. It remarks: "In all such matters the Catholic Church always takes a long and historic view. Persecutions come and go, individual enemies rise and fall, but the wonderful religious organization goes on, reckoning time not in generations, but by a thousand years. Even after a troublous period greatly prolonged it counts upon emerging stronger than ever. By that confidence it will be supported during these trying days in Spain."

**W**ITH from five to seven million wage-earners unemployed and no immediate prospect of their number being appreciably reduced, we are confronted with a hard winter. Public work has not materially improved the economic situation. Public and private contributions to relief have declined. Relief agencies in spite of their best efforts are handicapped by lack of funds. Last winter Community Chests raised approximately ninety million dollars. It will be impossible to duplicate that sum this winter. About 72% of last year's relief came from public funds.

### Patronize the Poor-Box

In face of these conditions Catholics should be conscientiously concerned about their duty in this emergency. There is no doubt that many parish churches and other Catholic institutions have been giving and are giving considerable relief. The St. Vincent de Paul Societies have been especially active. With a branch of this society established in every parish a parochial program of relief could be carried out in an efficient manner and under a definite leadership. Through it the average lay person would have a convenient opportunity of practicing charity. If all Catholics gave something, however small, to the poor-box every Sunday a vast sum could be garnered for those in want.

**T**O His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, on his splendid address in opening the Catholic sessions of Columbia's "Church of the Air." § To Premier Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden on their manifestation of genuine patriotism in putting the

### Toasts Within the Month

welfare of their country above political party regularity. § To Reverend Francis Shea, C. P., on the appearance of *Under His Shadow*, a collection of devotional studies in the Sacred Passion of Our Lord. § To the Canadian Government for placing a high import duty on salacious and pornographic American magazines. § To the Jews of the United States, who, during the fiscal year ending on August 31, contributed \$56,200,870 to home and foreign philanthropies. Of this sum \$30,335,000 were raised for specifically Jewish causes; \$25,865,870 was given to Jewish and non-Jewish causes in individual benefactions. Of this latter sum \$20,497,120 were contributed to non-Jewish causes. § To Miss Willa Cather on *Shadows on the Rock*. She is a non-Catholic writing Catholic fiction. § To *The New York Times*, the greatest newspaper in the world and remarkable for its lack of sensationalism, on its eightieth anniversary. § To the Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle, D.D., the priests and people of the Diocese of Pittsburgh on their raising enough money to rebuild the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor recently destroyed by fire.



# CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## INTO THY GRACIOUS HANDS

*THIS beautiful hymn for a departed soul was written by the Dean of Exeter:*

Into Thy gracious hands  
For all eternity,  
With humble faith the Church commends  
The soul which came from Thee.  
In the dear blood outpoured  
Our sinful souls to gain;  
Wash it, we pray Thee, loving Lord,  
From earthly spot and stain.  
With Thine Own Presence blest,  
No more from Thee to roam;  
O grant unto the laborer, Rest,  
And to the traveller, Home.

## FATHER FABER AND CHARLES DICKENS

*PROFESSOR William Lyon Phelps gives us this story in "As I Like It" in Scribner's magazine:*

G. K. Chesterton told me a good story of the great Catholic hymn-writer, Frederick W. Faber, author of "Hark, Hark, My Soul," "Faith of Our Fathers," etc. In his last illness, after he had received extreme unction, and composed his mind for death, he asked the physician how long he had to live, and the answer was, "About an hour." Whereupon he said to a friend, "Then you can read me another chapter of Dickens," to which he listened with delight.

## UNCLE STEVE AND SIX MINISTERS

*WE CAN make allowance for the whims of an old man, but what of the mentality of the ministers? A United Press dispatch from Benton, Ill.:*

S. R. (Uncle Steve) Patton, prominent Franklin county farmer, declared today that the hour of his funeral was to him the greatest in all of his eighty years of living.

Patton's funeral was held yesterday, although there was no corpse or coffin. Patton himself was the chief mourner, but he didn't mourn. He was, on the contrary, supremely happy.

After the funeral Patton gave a public dinner for all the other mourners.

When Patton learned several weeks ago that his relatives and friends were planning a birthday celebration for him on his eightieth birthday, he thought the matter over and announced, "Let's make it a funeral instead." They let him have his way. "If I'm to have flowers, I'd rather have them while I'm alive," said "Uncle Steve."

According to Patton's orders, funeral plans were made just as they would have been had he really been dead instead of celebrating a birthday. Floral offerings—and there were many—were placed in his lap.

The Rev. John B. Maulding preached the funeral sermon. Five other ministers, J. R. McDuffy, R. E. Burt, C. C. Mitchell, Mal Keene and G. W. Creed, also spoke.

The Biblical quotation, "I am in a strait, having a desire to depart and be with Jesus," was the Rev. Mr. Maulding's text.

"This is a strange funeral," the pastor said, "but we can find no valid arguments against this favored plan of Brother Patton. He spent many years in wickedness, I am told, but some forty-eight years ago embraced the

Christian religion and has lived a useful and devoted Christian life ever since."

A quartet sang several songs which Patton thought appropriate.

"It's the greatest hour of my life save the one I found my Savior," said Patton. "It takes something like this to show one how many friends he has."

## EIGHT LIMERICKS

### A La Einstein

There was a young girl named Bright,  
Who would travel much faster than light,  
She started one day  
In the relative way,  
And came back the previous night.

### 'Twasn't Ours

There was a young man of Devises,  
Whose ears were of different sizes;  
The one that was small  
Was no use at all,  
But the other won several prizes.

### Might Try It on Others

Our vicar is good Mr. Inge,  
One evening he offered to sing,  
So we asked him to stoop,  
Put his head in a loop,  
And pulled at each end of the string.

### Sounds Uncanny

A canner, exceedingly canny,  
One morning remarked to his granny,  
"A canner can can  
Anything that he can,  
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"  
—Carolyn Wells.

### Proof Positive

Curiosity prompted a kid  
To lift from a beehive the lid;  
"I wanted to see  
What was in it," said he;  
And his face testifies that he did.

### Would Rueue the Blueue Heweue

They had cut off a Chinaman's queue,  
And were painting his head a bright blueue;  
So the Chinaman said,  
As they daubed at his head:  
When I sueue yueue, yueue'll rueue what yueue dueue."

### That Made Him Mique

Said a man in a spirit of pique  
To his wife, "In that hat you're a frique."  
"Sir, you'll see how it feels  
To get your own meals!"  
Cried his wifey: "Ta-ta for a wique!"

### Like a Woodpecker

There was an old woman from Leith,  
Who used to skin trees with her teeth.  
Now it wasn't for pleasure  
She adopted this measure,  
But to get to the sap underneath.

—California Pelican.

## PHILATELY

**S**TAMP collectors may find this note from the New Yorker both interesting and encouraging:

Have you heard the one about the young fellow in Washington who was sent out to buy a sheet of air-mail stamps for the office he worked in? Well, when he got it, he was surprised to notice that in every one of the stamps in the sheet the airplane in the center design was upside down. He showed it to the clerk and a great hullabaloo arose. Postal inspectors were sent for, who rummaged through the remaining stamps on hand, destroying those that were faulty. They wanted back the sheet the young man had bought, too, and even threatened arrest if he didn't give it up, but he knew his rights and stood firm. He knew something about stamp-collecting as well, so he pocketed that sheet and bought another (correctly printed) for his firm. Next day he sold his find for \$12,000. Nowadays a single stamp is quoted at \$3300.

The first stamp ever issued for air post was put out by the Italian government in 1917, for a flight between Turin and Rome. They're only worth 20 cents unused, and 75 cents used. Another early one was issued in 1919, when the Newfoundland Post Office printed 200 three-cent stamps for mail to be carried to England in the plane piloted by Hawker and Grieve. They didn't go all the way by air, you remember; were forced down off the Irish coast and picked up by a tramp steamer. But the stamps cost you \$1500, unused, and \$1000 used, today. The Byrd flight for Paris was another that ended in the water. Just the same, \$150 for the stamps.

Real enthusiasts in philately, especially at the opening of a new air-mail route, often get the pilots to autograph the letters (called "covers" by collectors) they're sending. People who did this got a lucky break at the opening of Air-Mail Route 2, from Chicago to St. Louis, in 1926. The autographed covers were priced at a dollar or so apiece until the spring of the following year, when—well, you've guessed it. That pilot was Lindbergh, and those souvenirs of his air-mail days are now worth \$450 each.

## WESTERN WAYS THROUGH EASTERN EYES

**F**ROM an article in Asia we take these paragraphs by the city editor of the Japan "Times and Mail," Kimpel Sheba:

Just as our Japanese ways appear unaccountable to you, so your Occidental ways are equally unaccountable to us. Suppose I set down a few of the customs, observed during a brief stay in the United States, which seem strange to a Japanese.

It is early morning in a typical American home. You are resting on soft pillows and spring beds. We are different even while we sleep, since in Japan people lie on hard beds and rest their heads on firm pillows, those used by the women encased in wooden sheaths. Presently you awake. You sit up and stretch yourselves, facing the foot of the bed. As we in Japan rise, we make a turn so that, when we stretch ourselves, we have our faces turned in the opposite direction toward the pillow. In brushing your teeth you devote as little time as possible to the undertaking. Our countrymen take as long as possible. In fact it is not uncommon for a Japanese of the lower classes to be seen out on a morning's walk in the neighborhood of his home, brushing his teeth. After washing your faces, you use a dry towel. We wipe our faces with a moist towel.

Visitors to Japan frequently find it difficult to keep from laughing outright on observing some of the ridiculous things we do in an effort to affect western ways. This is especially true in the case of English signboards. "Ladies have fits inside," you may read over a dress-maker's shop; or "Have your head cut here," over a barber shop.

When the first train was run between Tokyo and Yokohama, the late Meiji Emperor attended the memorable ceremony. To be in keeping with the wave of westernization that then swept the country, the Emperor planned to ride to the station in a horse-drawn carriage rather than in the court palanquin. The only difficulty in using a carriage was to find a suitable livery for the driver. After a search in the official wardrobe, a foreign garment was discovered which seemed to answer very well. It was dignified, had buttons and decorative stripes and was said to have been bought at a foreign auction in Yokohama. So His Majesty rode in his new carriage, and all seemed well to Japanese eyes. But it was difficult for foreigners among the spectators to keep from laughing, and naturally so. The driver was in pajamas!

But there are things in America which seem just as ridiculous to Japanese eyes. For instance, in New York recently, when I happened to be walking on Fifth Avenue, I beheld a sight which almost caused me to hold my sides lest I burst from laughter. For what should I behold in midday and in the very heart of the greatest city in the world but an American woman pridefully walking along, wearing a dark blue Japanese coat, or *bappi*, on the back of which, in flaring red Japanese characters six inches in height, were the words "Fire Extinguisher." It was a coat patterned after those issued by the Tokyo fire department.

So, hereafter, to the American visitor in Japan who exclaims, "Gosh, you're a strange people!" permit me to reply—in a spirit of friendship, of course—"The same to you."

## WANTED: A SLUG DETECTOR

**W**E hope that among our readers there are no debauchers of blessed medals as described in this excerpt from The Business Week:

Many a citizen who would scorn to defraud a salesperson can look himself in the eye at a slot machine mirror and drop a worthless disc that nets a 5c pack of chewing gum. Various and awful are the displays in the vending machine's gallery of rogues. Some of the illicit nickel slugs require half a day's hard work. Catholic medals have been debauched in this way. Washers that happen to be the right size find their way into tills. Conditions are worse where mechanics abound, as in Detroit and Chicago. Punching of the discs is a simple machine operation.

The counter-drive of the slot machine industry is encouraging the improvement of anti-slug devices and stressing a campaign to make possession and use of such slugs illegal. Despite the claim of ingenious machines, it is said the best the inventors have attained with slug rejectors is 99% effectiveness.

One efficient machine passes the coins through an area of electric magnetism: high resistance metals drop promptly through the discard chute, low resistance compositions of copper or aluminum are suspended and eliminated by the same exit; silver coins alone pass muster. But—that device ignores entirely the highly important nickel and penny. Also the lowest price is \$5 and that is as much as a good many vending machines cost.

Makers are solving the problem of a flexible machine—one that can be adjusted to different sizes of packages. Devotees of aspirin will rejoice to learn that one company is putting out a vendor that produces a suitable number of headache pills for a nickel. An automatic hot-dog vendor has made its debut. A Philadelphia milk concern has ordered a machine that delivers a 5c bottle of milk for a dime, gives back 5c when the bottle is returned. And a Chicago company has made a special cabinet for an enterprising bootlegger—one that hands out a small flask of dynamite for the small sum of two half-dollars.

A curious rumor about Indian head pennies is now sweeping the Middle West. It is reported that the government is to call in these old-style coins and pay \$2 each for them. Many a kid, his soul torn by a yearning for chewing gum, passes the beckoning machine with strained face, refusing to drop therein the Indian penny which he is determined to cash for 200 times its face value.

#### CLASSROOM WISDOM

*FROM "Boners" and "More Boners" published by the Viking Press (\$1.00) and compiled by Alexander Abingdon from examination papers:*

Acrimony, sometimes called holy, is another name for marriage.

Celibacy is a crime a priest commits when he marries.

A Protestant is a woman who gets her living through an immortal life.

What are rabies, and what would you do for them? Rabies are Jewish priests. I should do nothing for them.

A momentum is what you give a person when they are leaving.

Contralto is a low sort of music that only ladies sing.

In Christianity a man can only have one wife. This is called Monotony.

The dog came bounding down the path emitting whelps at every bound.

Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birth mark.

Our Father which art in Heaven, Harold be thy name.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling on the Continent. He made many fast friends; among the fastest were Alice and Phoebe Cary.

Launcelot arrived at a castle where he asked if he could be put up with for the night.

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

The government of England is a limited mockery.

The letters M.D. signify "mentally deficient."

Solomon had 300 wives and 700 porcupines.

The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are connected by the sewage canal.

Climate lasts all the time, but weather only for a few days.

Chivalry is the attitude of a man toward a strange woman.

Appendicitis is caused by information in the appendix.

A monologue is a conversation between two people, such as husband and wife.

Vesuvius is a volcano and if you will climb up to the top you will see the creator smoking.

Science is material. Religion is immaterial.

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

What part did the U. S. Navy play in the war? It played the Star Spangled Banner.

#### WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CHINA?

*THESE interesting facts have been assembled in Fu Jen News Letter, published by the Catholic University Press of Peiping, China:*

China is the largest nation on earth.

China's area is one-fourteenth of all the land surface of the globe.

China's area equals that of the U. S. and all her dependencies with enough left over to make twelve states the size of Pennsylvania.

China's population is one-fourth that of the entire earth.

China's population is greater than that of North and South America, Africa, and Australia put together.

China's territory takes in China Proper, Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. In language and racial customs each of these is a nation in itself.

China's population is over 450,000,000.

China's history began about 2500 B. C. A contemporary of Babylon and Chaldea, it has seen those powerful nations rise and fall. Always great, China has not yet reached the height of its development.

The Chinese invented fibrous paper, the art of printing, and were the first to make photographic engravings. The first book was printed with movable types in China, 500 years before the time of Europe's first printer, Lourenz Koster.

The Chinese were the first to use gunpowder and ink.

The Chinese originated the porcelain process and gave silk and tea to the world.

The Great Wall of China, the world's most stupendous engineering marvel, was begun 200 years before Christ.

Records show the existence of Nestorian Christianity in China in the seventh century. Arnobius, a Christian rhetorician who lived in Africa c. 300, testifies in his "Adversus Gentes" (lib. II, cap. VII) that Christianity had penetrated into China before the end of the third century.

The Catholic Church is represented in every part of China.

Franciscan missionaries, contemporaries of Marco Polo, made a systematic attempt to christianize China in the 13th and 14th centuries.

John of Montecorvino, a Franciscan friar, was nominated first Archbishop of Khanbalyk (Peking) in 1307.

St. Francis Xavier attempted to reach China, but died in 1552 on Sancian Island, off the coast of China.

Following St. Francis Xavier, many Jesuit missionaries penetrated into China, and made numerous converts among the elite of the Capital (Peking). The converts included one Prime Minister, 13 other high officials, 40 eunuchs, and 114 imperial clansmen.

One out of every 180 Chinese is a Catholic.

There are 75 bishops, 2,000 foreign and 1,400 native priests, 700 brothers, nearly 4,000 sisters, native and foreign, caring for the spiritual interests of China's 2,500,000 Catholics.

Six native Chinese priests were consecrated bishops by Pope Pius XI on October 28, 1926.

There are over 450 advanced primary and secondary schools maintained by the Catholic Church in China, having government recognition. The total number of Chinese Catholic schools is over 11,000. The pupils in these schools number nearly 270,000.

The preparatory, minor and major seminaries in China have in attendance nearly 5,000 students. Of these an average of 100 are ordained priests each year.

Non-Christian China has three great religions: Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. The first two are indigenous, while Buddhism was introduced from India. Confucianism, a politico-ethical code, has more than anything else swayed and molded the thought and aspirations of the Chinese for the past 3,000 years.

There are nearly 30,000,000 Mohammedans in China. Well-attended mosques are found in half the eighteen provinces of China.



# ARE NEGROES INFERIOR?

By  
Mark Moeslein, C. P.

**I**NFERIOR races? Are there such? Very many think so and without hesitation will refer to American Negroes as one of them. Not so, however, thoughtful people and still less well-informed people. They scout the notion of inferiority and substitute for the ugly word another which is true to facts. The substituted word is *backwardness*. We are all of the same stock whatever the variants.

The backward ones of one age may be the advanced ones of other ages. Fifteen hundred years ago the forefathers of the much vaunted "Nordics" were backward enough to be veritable savages, but they were not inferior to the Greeks and Romans, whose civilization they first wrecked and later, out of the ruins and under the guidance of the Catholic Church, bulided the civilization which dominates the world of today. It is not so many ages ago since the Japanese were rated as a backward people, but at present they are numbered among the most advanced, at least in material ways, and their country is a not-to-be-trifled-with rival of our own.

Every race has members less able than others. It has always been so, and there is no reason for thinking that it will ever be otherwise. That all men are equal is both a half truth and a half falsehood. In the sense of equal abilities and equal advancement it is not borne out by facts either past or present. There are inequalities of bodily power, social culture, mental gifts, spiritual outlook and accomplishment. In every race the many have been and are the carriers of water and the hewers of wood. Will it ever be otherwise? But there is no inherent reason, surely not racial, why the children of the leaders of one age or civilization should not be the followers in another. It is as true of Negroes as it has been of "Nordics" and of the Japanese.

**I**NTELLECTUALLY balanced people do not talk of inferior races. Sanity compels them to recognize backwardness in individuals and in groups of every race and even of en-



REV. MARK MOESLEIN, C.P.

**F**ATHER MARK is in his seventy-eighth year and has been a priest for over fifty-three years. In January, 1928, he became pastor of Our Mother of Mercy Mission in Washington, North Carolina. Beginning with a few souls, he now has a rapidly growing congregation, nearly all of whom are converts. At the present time he needs about \$20,000 to put another story on his school to take care of an increase of the pupils. Mass is now being said in one of the classrooms. Later he hopes to be able to build a chapel. We earnestly ask our readers to help this zealous and saintly priest. Contributions may be sent to Father Mark at his residence, West 9th St., Washington, N. C., or to The Sign. The illustrations in this article are from photographs of Our Mother of Mercy Mission.—The Editor.

tire races. But they do not make backwardness or difference of abilities the basis of according them lesser human rights and less favorable human opportunities. The sanest of men, the God-Man Jesus, made both conditions the basis, if not of greater rights in justice, certainly of charity, not mere philanthropy.

**A**FTER all has been said Christian charity is a greater force for advancement than legal equality or even strict justice. Jesus preached the doctrine and lived it too: "You call Me Master and Lord, and you say well, for so I am. If then I, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. . . . If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them." The Apostles surely were a backward lot. But will any one be tempted to say that they were inferior to the Greeks and Romans, whom they evangelized?

The spirit and example of the Master should be the standard of thinking and doing in regard to backward people, either as individuals, groups or races. Whether their backwardness be due to lesser abilities or to unfortunate social conditions, they are entitled to the greater rights, privileges and opportunities provided by Christ's charity for time and eternity.

For Catholics to think and speak of Negroes as an inferior race is unworthy of their Faith: "For you are all one in Christ Jesus." Their evident backwardness should be constant incentive to do more and more for them as a reparation for wrongs our country did and does to them both as individuals and as a race. Why they are so backward is a very sad story of restricted rights, of denied opportunities, of unfair discrimination and of undeserved blame for the wrong-doing of some of their group. Why retell the ugly story of white America's unfairness to colored people? Who does not know enough of it to make him ashamed? The unfairness of which they have been and are the victims should be inducement for making amends in



The membership of Our Mother of Mercy Colored Mission in January, 1928, when Father Mark took charge. Mr. David Keys, first from the left, was the prime mover in starting the Mission.

every way in which it can be made. The entire wrong cannot be undone.

Only persons whose acquaintance with the colored race is from afar and from the Press think of them as an inferior race or even overstress their backwardness. There are criminals among them, much the same as among other races. Along certain lines the white race has greater criminals to its demerit. Negroes are not responsible for the horrors of the world war. They did not bring about nor are they keeping up the distressing conditions of unemployment. They are not to blame for the glaring injustice of the wealth of the world being in the hands of the comparatively few—of the very few.

Who will question that the American Negro has real grievances,—not simply periodic, but constant? He is

discriminated against in the matter of employment, even of the kind for which he is fitted. He is denied the opportunity to earn enough to support his family in decency. To provide the necessities too many wives and mothers *must* work for wages and this away from their homes. How can any dwelling, with the mother out of it so much, be in any true sense called a home? Too often their so-called homes are of the shabbiest. Rarely are the neighborhoods of these dwellings improved. It is pitiable that so many of their children are underfed, because parents cannot do better for them.

**O**FTEN the facilities for schooling are inadequate. Children frequently take up too early in life the worries about bread and butter.

Though comparatively so few of the colored people are property owners, the real owners pass the taxes over to them in the shape of rentals which they pay and the purchases they make.

Persons who are supposed to know contend that equal justice is not meted out to Negroes in our courts, much oftener than even human frailty can excuse. How many white men are condemned to thirty, sixty, ninety days "on the road" for offences which bring such punishment to Negroes? Can it be that the needs of the highways influence such sentences more than the claims of equal justice? In parts of the country it is managed in some way that colored people are maneuvered out of their legal right to vote. Yet, notwithstanding such conditions, American Negroes are not the most troublesome portion of our citizenry. What other portion of our population would tolerate for long such grievances? Their exercise of the right to vote would bring about a change for better or worse, if need be, by anarchy.

Whenever civic equality is claimed for colored people, otherwise good and sensible persons not unfrequently rebel on the score that ultimately it would entail intermarriage between the races, as if such were the thought uppermost in the minds of both sexes of our dark-skinned citizens. The writer has not discovered any such craze, but what is very much in evidence is justified disgust and rebellion against the white man's disregard for the chastity of colored women. What race would be as forbearing under this outrage as American Negroes have been?

Before God white womanhood has no more sacred rights on this score or any other than black womanhood. If white men will mate with women of color, why not be honorable enough to marry them? Under present social conditions such intermarriage is not to the best interests of the parties most concerned. Until



Our Mother of Mercy Colored Mission School. It was enlarged to its present size two years ago, and now needs to be enlarged again. Father Mark, the Sisters and the children are daily praying for the necessary means.



Membership of Our Mother of Mercy Colored Mission, Easter Sunday, 1931. Nine unavoidably absent ones should be in the picture. Present membership 96, counting the babies.

social conditions remove the barrier from such unions white manhood should in honor safeguard the chastity of colored women as much as that of women of their own race. Too much stress cannot be laid on the platitude that no people rise higher in the scale of racial culture than its womanhood.

Earlier in life the writer was too busy otherwise to give thought, time and effort to colored people. Later, and for years, good fortune enabled him to live among them for the purpose of offering them opportunities for getting acquainted with Catholicism. Backwardness was and is enough in evidence. How could it be otherwise under the circumstances sufficiently indicated unless one claims for Negroes super-manhood? No one, and least of all Negroes, makes this claim. But evidence of Negro inferiority failed to impress itself.

A very excellent period for testing native ability and capability is early childhood. Little ones live in fairylands. It is well that it is so, because the gross realities of life come soon enough. It is true also of the little ones of colored people.

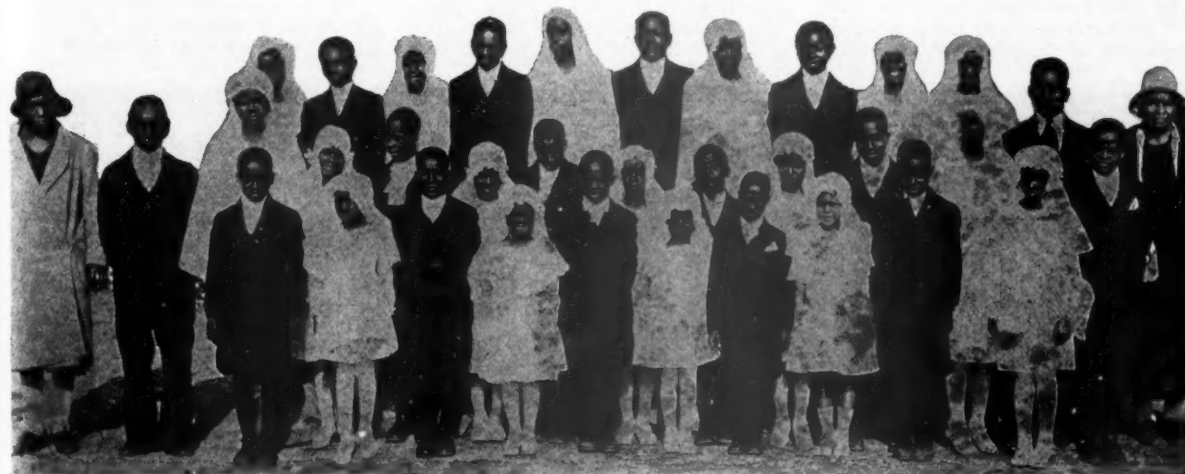
Fortunately so, because generally their lot is a harder one. It is an unmixed delight to witness the surprise of visitors to the school of Our Mother of Mercy School, Washington, N. C., conducted by Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose motherhouse is in Scranton, Pa. The delight is greater when the visitors are cultured and with a something of Negro inferiority lurking in the subconscious mind. The alertness of the pupils, their ambition to learn, their palpable progress, their whole-hearted response to every offer of uplift and their joyous readiness to submit to tests provoke surprise and unstinted praise. The delight changes into amusement, when visitors explain the situation by saying: "The children of your school belong to a superior class of colored people."

Negroes need the help of more advanced people, just the same as other backward races of the past and present. It should be much more than merely financial aid. Too few of the more cultured of the white race give personal service to the advancement of colored people. Many were and are opposed to it on principle. Even among Negroes not a few

are unfriendly to such service, seeing in it a slur on the abilities of the race. It was so when the barbarous "Nordics" overran Europe. They accepted the personal cultural service of the Catholic Roman world, whose political organization they wrecked. They did not make the blunder of which the Master spoke: "Can the blind lead the blind? Do they not both fall into the ditch?"

Cheerfully giving credit to colored people for what they have accomplished in bettering their condition, it would be a severe tax on credulity to assume that, in the short space of time since Emancipation, the colored race in the United States has developed a sufficient number of competent leaders to transform backwardness into self-sufficient advancement. Incompetent leaders are much in a class with the blind leading the blind.

Colored people no less than others need the leadership represented by Catholicism. It is the system which developed the really worth while values which persist in what may for brevity's sake be called the white man's civilization. It is assumed that this very civilization is the standard of advancement to which



First Communion Class of Our Mother of Mercy Mission, Easter Sunday, 1931. Thirty-five were in the class. The children's outfits were given by a generous Catholic layman of Boston.





Our Mother of Mercy Mission Original Colored Band with second-hand instruments provided by a Cleveland priest. The musical education of these lads, under the direction of Mother M. De Chantal, is remarkable.

colored people aspire. Possibly objection may be taken to this assumption. If so, what is the purpose of the struggle for equality?

The response of colored people to Catholicism, when given fair chance to get acquainted with it, is additional evidence that they are not of an inferior race. Informed people readily admit that Catholicism is intensely intellectual. It also appeals to noble sentiments of various kinds, which is very much to its credit. The misfortune is that these cannot ordinarily be brought into action during the early period of missions in the neighborhood of colored populations, because the poverty of such beginnings is against it. However, it is not without its advantages. Among those taken into the fold some give it as an added motive for their wish to be Catholics that the approach is to their intelligence and not to the hullabaloo of emotionalism.

**O**F LATE years there has been a remarkable trend in the missionary activities of Catholics in the United

States. It has always been in evidence in caring for the millions of Catholic immigrants who flooded this country for generations, seeking to better their living conditions. Now the trend is even to heathen lands. One marvels over the number of priests, Sisters and lay workers who respond to the Master's injunction to preach the Gospel. Another marvel is the generosity of the Catholic laity in financing these Divine ventures. They are always the financial prop of Catholic effort. Neither are the home missions overlooked. More can be done for these and, in God's own time, will be done.

Until recently not much could be done in the matter of providing opportunities for American colored people to get acquainted with the Catholic Church; not nearly enough is being done at the present time. The explanation is obvious. Those already of the fold had the first claim on the ministry of the Church. But progress is in the making. More and more priests and Sisters are giving their entire time to this ser-

vice. The laity, too, is learning of the financial needs and provides accordingly when approached.

**I**T will be a blessed day when the Church in the United States as a unit will undertake to provide laborers and funds for the home missions. United action will accomplish what is beyond the power of bishops singly in the mission field of our own country, where vocations to the sisterhoods and to the priesthood are necessarily few, because the Catholic population is so very small. Besides being so few, the Catholic laity in mission sections is too poor to give anything like the needed financial aid. It should be an inviting field for the activities of religious communities of both sexes,—inviting, not in an earthly way, but spiritually. It is needless to say that these conditions apply with an especial force to home missions among Negroes.

All Catholics can help to bring on sooner this blessed day of united effort, by praying earnestly, and



The Kinderband of Our Mother of Mercy Colored Mission. The success of the Mission is due in no small measure to the intelligent and self-sacrificing zeal of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Marywood College, Scranton, Pa.

often to the Holy Spirit, the Divine Manager of the Church, to guide the Lord's Vicar on earth to bring about soon methods for the united effort of the whole Church in these United States, to labor on a large and energetic scale in our own home mission fields, not overlooking in any way God's very poor children of the dark skin.

Colored people need the Church now more than ever, because neopaganism is so intensely active. They are the ones who shall suffer most from its inroads, owing to the fact

He that showeth mercy to the poor shall be blessed. He that hath mercy on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay him.—Proverbs.

that they are less prepared to resist the direct and indirect economic, social, moral, and spiritual evils which it begets. What a glorious tribute of loyalty to the Christ it would be on the part of Catholics in

the United States, both lay and clerical, to be able to say that they have done even more than their part of the work of having the Gospel preached to the poorest of the poor. The climax of Jesus' testimony to Himself, sent to the Baptist, was: "And the Gospel is preached to the poor." Some day, the Master of the harvest will say to every one of us, either "As long as you did it to these My least brethren, you did it to Me" or the reverse, "As long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me."

# *The* CONQUEST By John Gibbons *of* NEW YORK

IN years to come when University Classes of English Literature are reviewing my Works most competent critics will almost certainly agree that the finest story that I ever wrote in my life was a phantasy about what would happen after I was dead. Only the Editor to whom I submitted it wouldn't have it, and would I kindly stick, please, to writing about tangible things of which I had some glimmering of knowledge. I should do much better, he suggested, if I took some atmosphere with which I was thoroughly familiar.

VERY well, then, I'll take a refreshment room, what in effete old tyranny-run Europe they still call a bar. And then just out of sheer gentlemanly good feeling towards virtuous and probably horrified American readers I'll pitch my opening scene outside that bar instead of inside. Also I'll place the thing, I think, in Latitude 47.57 North and in Longitude 25.50 West. Tangible detail, you remember, that Editor wanted.

I am able, you see, to be so scientifically precise about my decimals because I have just this minute copied them from an old newspaper. The same sheet, I see, was begging its readers to go back at once to Milan in Italy, a centre, of course, of all the arts and in particular of somebody's jewelry store. Furthermore, when we did get to Milan and found ourselves under the shadow of the great and world-famous Duomo

we were above all things not to forget to drink our Coca-Cola.

OTHER items of interest in that day's paper implored us to make our homes either in the Ambassador or in the Savoy-Plaza Hotels of New York. The necessary reservations were to be made by radio, which would, of course, be free, while the meeting of guests was another little service naturally also gratuitous. It did not, however, say in so many words that the hotels themselves would be free, a little omission which rather worried me.

With all this rather skilfully applied atmosphere of mine you will probably by now have gathered that we are talking about a ship's paper, the sort of daily fly-leaf that they publish on board a transatlantic liner, and you will, of course, be perfectly right. The single point that will come as a surprise to you is that I wasn't there in my natural quality of an Ambassador or a Savoyard, but was, in fact, traveling third-class on that particular boat. Not the tourist-third business, but the real genuine third that is today the nearest thing left to the old pre-quota steerage. Further, at Latitude Whatever-I-Said, it was the third-class bar that I was sitting outside, on a rather uncomfortable bench at the bottom of a singularly draughty stairway that somehow managed to carry a young gale down about eight flights of decks. And as I sat there I was trying in a thoroughly literary way to

deal with three mugs of beer at once, only with refinement and without looking unduly obtrusive. But before going further I ought perhaps to explain that only one of the mugs was rightfully mine, the other two belonging respectively to a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi.

IN a way I think that I respected that rabbi more than most men that I've met in my life. I noticed him at the next table to mine at the first meal out of England. Because of his funny hat, a sort of cross between a black turban and a priest's biretta, and he put it on ceremonially the moment he sat down and kept it on till the moment that he had to bunk hurriedly from the saloon. Third-class, you can't expect too much, you know, and the whole decks below as it was, with artificial light and pumped air, that saloon certainly was a bit on the stuffy side, and any amount of seats were emptied with the chop of the English Channel seas. But the rabbi I noticed particularly, because, hat and all, he always turned up promptly at the start of every meal and then never could stick it through. And I thought that he was a plucky man. Also, after a bit, it dawned on me, when I began to watch, that he was a starving man as well. Because there was next to nothing of any meal that I ever saw him eating, though I didn't know why until later.

Most people as far as I could see laughed at him. There was one man

at my table with a big nose who was particularly derisive, calling him an adjectived Jew in a voice which was none too low. And lots of other people, when their stomachs began to mend a bit, sneered as well. Till at every meal the appearance of that extraordinary hat was producing a perfect snigger all round the place. And once when the man, white-faced and ghastly-looking, as usual, jumping up from his table and making for the door almost stumbled and fell, the snigger turned into a regular roar of laughter. Pretty third-class some of our manners were. As a matter of fact, I was nearest to the door and caught him just in time.

After that I nodded to him once or twice, and he would always bow back to me. And after a bit we began sometimes to exchange a word or so. And, yes, he was a Jewish rabbi, and he'd lived in New York and had been home to Poland and now was returning. And he wished very much indeed that he hadn't chosen this particular boat. Because on some of the lines they had a special kosher kitchen, but not on this one, and so there was next to nothing that he could conscientiously eat except the bit of fruit. That always came, of course, at the tail end, and with the smell and general stuffiness of the saloon he was generally bad before he could get to it. Altogether he didn't seem at all a happy rabbi.

As a Catholic myself I didn't, of course, understand it all, why he shouldn't eat the ordinary grub and so forth. But he seemed sincere enough about it, and when we got just a trifle friendlier still and I ventured to ask him what that hat affair of his meant he told me. And that was another matter of ritual no really proper Jew, it seems, ever sitting down to eat with his head uncovered, and, if he died for it, he still meant to go on wearing the thing every time he went to table. And as I half apologized for my curiosity by explaining that I was a Catholic myself and therefore knew nothing in the world about his habits, that brought out still another grievance. Because the boat, it seemed, had given him as cabin-mate—westward bound, we were half empty that trip—a Catholic priest. And though the priest, I gathered, behaved with every proper courtesy, the two of them taking it in turns to vacate their joint cabin for the other one's proper prayers and so forth, the unhappy rabbi seemed to regard the matter as one more deliberate insult put upon him by the ship. And in a way one can rather see the Purser, who was probably nothing in particular himself, shoving the two holy men together and grinning about it. Because, be-

ing a bad fellow myself, it is precisely what in his shoes I should have done.

THE PRIEST, now, I hadn't known about, because even if I had taken the trouble to read all the stuff on the ship's third-class notice-board I shouldn't have been so very much wiser. It certainly talked there about the Mass every day in the First-class Saloon, but then we hadn't had a Sunday yet, and I'd never been and I didn't know the priest by sight. He might have been a First or Second-classer for all I knew. But in point of fact he was in the Thirds and with that rabbi. Only he'd been fairly sick all the time since starting; and, barring the getting up for a half an hour every day to say that Mass, he'd never shown up at all, simply stopping in his cabin and tipping a steward to bring him any bit of grub that he'd wanted. So that accounted for it.

Sunday, of course, was different, and I did see him then. I knew it was a Sunday because the aged and almost unintelligible Belgian who shared my own bit of a cubby-hole of a cabin was washing before breakfast, and when sitting up in my bunk I saw him and tried to enquire about it he said that it was for the *Messe*. Also the Italian in the next cabin was the same. They're not wholly partitioned off in the Thirds, you know, but have a bit of a grating top and bottom, so that you can hear what's going on next door. And this bloke always used to sing, and I always used to shout at him in a genial way to Shut His Mouth. Something in a New York hotel kitchen he was, and then he'd been home to Italy to bury his mother or somebody. Good fellow he was, but I never knew his name. Because out of silliness and perhaps to forget his troubles he had torn down the card outside his cabin with his proper name and had written up instead that he was Signor Al Capone. And lots of people who didn't know any better used to come and stare at that bit of a cupboard of a cabin with awe and reverence. And that morning when I shouted at him as usual he shouted back and I was not to forget that there would be Mass.

It struck me as a little extraordinary his so taking it for granted that I should be a Catholic. Because we certainly hadn't discussed theology. But then down in the Third Class I think we were mostly Catholic. I was the only Englishman there, and there were only about three what I should call genuine Americans. The rest of the bunch may have been technical Americans—of course I don't understand your citizenship laws—who had been back to Europe for a bit of a holiday, seeing the old

people and all that, but they mostly couldn't speak real English. Hungarians and Roumanians and Czechoslovaks and Poles and Italians and people like that they mostly were. In the Third you may not get the plate-glass and the plush and the mirrors and your name in the New York papers amongst the Distinguished Arrivals, but you do see life. And, as I say, the bulk of this mob turned out to be Catholics. There was a whole long queue of us being marshalled by the stewards along the corridors that led down the bowels of the ship to the sacred First Class, where the Mass was going to be.

Rather fine it was, apart, of course, from the Mass. With an enormous Saloon, where they would dance at night, and then two of the great mirrors fold back and there is a proper Altar behind. And real music, St. Peter's at Rome or something, laid on from an electric-worked gramophone arrangement. And one sailor as an Altar Boy and the other a very swell looking person from the First Classers. At least I think he was that from his clothes. There were any amount of them there, also Second Classers. But afterwards, when the Mass was over, it was to us of the Thirds that the Father came and talked a bit. Back along the corridors and in our own quarters a regular little reception he was holding.

I MYSELF got out of the way as quickly as possible. Mass was over, and I'd been all right, and what do I want to talk to a priest for? Any way he wasn't English or even proper American, because I heard him talking. Something from Central Europe, I think, he'd be from his accent, but from the way they were clustering round him he seemed a real sort of Father to all the Poles and Czechoslovaks and people. And then I saw my dear old neighbor, Signor Capone, saying something to him; and, though I couldn't hear what it was about, I heard the priest's answer all right. "So!" he said, and he sounded very indignant.

But when the next meal came I think I could guess a little. Lunch it was, and it was the first lunch that the priest had had in the saloon. Then when, as usual, Mr. Polish Rabbi came stumbling through to his seat and, as usual, stood up solemnly and put on that awful hat of his a regular titter went all round the place. And the instant it subsided a bit in marched the Priest and, enquiring for his table seat, stood up and crossed himself and then, still standing up, put on his own biretta. Also, before sitting down, he asked in a loud voice, "If then it was so Foony?" and deliberately stared



round at every table and at every seat. Only nobody answered him.

In a proper story, of course, we should after this have had the priest and the rabbi falling into each other's arms with joy and enthusiasm. Only they didn't, and, in fact, during the last day or two of that voyage whenever I happened to see them anywhere near one another they rather seemed to be purposely avoiding each other. Just bowing gravely and passing on; that sort of thing. Like diplomats of hostile courts somehow forced to meet in a thoroughly uncongenial atmosphere. I expect it wasn't too congenial either.

Myself I found it rather funny, but then I'm a journalist and fairly used to knocking about. And the bit of discomfort is nothing, and I'd rather go Third than First any day. But it mayn't have appealed to everybody like that. In point of fact it didn't to the priest. Because once I was talking to him, and he simply hated it all. Only his people in Poland or somewhere were starving, and he was going back to New York to try and beg some money for them, and it seemed wicked, he said, not to travel the cheapest way there was. At least that's what I think the story was. Only he spoke such poor English that I missed lots of it. I suppose there are parishes in New York where you can almost get on without much English. They do odd things over there, I know.

**W**ALKING up and down one evening we were when he was trying to tell me this. Up and down that draughty, covered-deck place with the sailors' washing hanging out just ahead to dry and half a gale blowing through the places where they hadn't put up the tarpaulins. Then with the difficulty of conversation and its getting colder we turned to go downstairs. "Below," I suppose one ought to say, only it really is downstairs. Any amount of flights of them, with iron things sticking out at the bottom of each stairway where they'd close the great water-tight doors in case of anything going wrong. And the priest tripped over one of these things and nearly fell. Only just in time I had him by the arm and sitting down on the bench outside the Third-class bar-room. Providential sort of place in a way, because I know what to do when I find a bench like that. Only then sitting down all miserable and shrivelled up at the other end of that bench was Mr. Rabbi. So there I was without meaning it a bit in the middle, one Ordinary Sinner between the two Holy Men.

Well, in a way, if you see what I mean, it was a bit awkward. I am a Catholic, and that was my priest right enough even if he couldn't

speak proper English. Incidentally I knew the Rabbi, too, and I wasn't going to be rude and leave him out of things. So, without quite thinking what I was doing and to be the little gentleman and do the polite and all that, as George—that was the Third-class bar-room waiter, and he'd seen me before—put his head out of his cubby-hole and looked enquiringly at me, I just said, "Three, please," and up came three mugs of beer. And then it turned out that neither the priest nor the Jew ever drank anything, and I had to tackle

## WAY OF THE CROSS

By KATHERINE BURTON

**I** COUNT the bitter days until He dies

Who holds all love within His tender eyes.

Heartsick I watch His patient steadfast tread

Along the road He marks with path of red.

Ever my tortured heart foresees the end—

Past waving palms the Tree that will not bend.

My tears, my anguished pleadings are in vain:

Not for my sobs will He forgo His pain. Within my frightened thoughts I seek some way

Whereby He may escape His dreadful day.

And bitterest thought—that now, too late, I know

I helped to build the road He wills to go.

the three myself, taking turns in sipping unobtrusively at each mug. With George looking on from behind his door and grinning like anything. Ex-British Army welter-weight, some one said, he'd once been. Only at nearly fifty I'm heavy myself, and it wouldn't, of course, have been fair to him. Else I'd have given his grinning face something to be going on with.

It was a bit of an awkward conversation, with both parties arguing mildly and in a learned way across me and both as stiff as anything. And then, apropos of some point or other, the way I think in which respective congregations tipped up to support their churches, Mr. Rabbi suddenly asked me why, if I was a Catholic, I couldn't give my priest the price of his Mass if I believed so. Because anyway it would help to go for the poor Poles. Well, I don't

know that I'm so keen on poor Poles. What about the poor English? And I don't think it was very good taste of him either. But, then, it's all Catholic, and, good taste or not, if it's put to me point blank like that, I'm not to jib in front of a Jewish Rabbi. And, reluctantly producing the dollar, I handed it over to the stone-faced and impassive Father and asked if he would be good enough to mention my Intention at his next morning's Mass. And he said he would. And soon after that I paid George for the beer and we all went to bed.

Now really I gave that dollar as a sort of challenge, and I don't know that I had any special Intention. Only then, thinking it over in my bunk with the Belgian snoring away as usual underneath me, it came to me that there was something that I did want pretty badly. Because I was getting worried about New York.

I travel for my living, you know, and I know Paris and Vienna and Budapest and Lisbon and heaps more places. Nearly every capital in Europe, in fact. About eighteen countries, I think. And it says on my contract that I've got to be pretty shabby and without much money in my pocket. And I don't know that it's too easy getting into, say, Buda in the middle of the night and without much money.

But then I always feel that those places don't really matter. After all, I'm English and the other people aren't. Also if any real emergency ever arose I should just cable home to my paper in London for an extra couple of dollars and buy their blooming capital up. But then you can't feel that about New York. For with all its shortcomings it is in a way sort of English itself. Also a couple of dollars wouldn't buy the place up. In fact, if we told the real truth, it's bigger than London. The eight millions for every scrap of suburb that can conceivably make up the Greater London, whereas for New York they leave out the New Jersey side. If you counted that as well, you'd probably get about ten millions, which would beat London hollow. For sheer population, I mean. Not, of course, for general dignity and being the World's Capital and all that. But anyway it was beginning to dawn on me that New York wasn't the sort of provincial town that could be altogether despised. In fact, if we're to own the truth, I was getting a bit scared of landing there.

It's all very well for someone in a London office to tell me to go across in rather awful clothes and with only the bare money that they'd let me land with and to say that there'd be a funny story in it. But to me it seemed getting less and less funny

the nearer we got. And if I can't afford a cab do I drag my own bag through the streets asking policemen for a cheap lodging? That sort of thing didn't seem to me at all too funny. In fact, it did occur to me to use up that dollar's worth of Intention for praying that the New York problem might somehow be solved. But I didn't see how. But I got out of my bunk again on purpose to pray for it.

Then the actual landing day it was worse than ever. With apparently everybody on that blinking floating castle of a boat knowing exactly where they were going. Everybody except me. And all the Italians and Poles and people jabbering away with delight of being home again. Only I wasn't home. Not a bit of it. And as the ship slowly rounded that thing I think you call Governor's

Island and the vista of all those skyscrapers—fearfully bad taste they are; our tallest office in London is only thirteen stories high—fairly hit me bang in the eye, New York simply stunned me with its sheer colossal size.

As the eight tugs, snorting and panting away with the effort, nosed and pushed and edged the giant liner into her berth, the wharf-side came out one white blur of faces. And the people were half off their heads, shouting and waving handkerchiefs to their friends. They'd all got somebody except me. And with Budapest and Madrid and Belgrade and all my other experiences I never felt lonelier or littler in my life. If you see what I mean. That's the effect of New York on a stranger, if anyone wants to know. Only it's got to be conquered somehow. And with a bit

of a gasp I turned slightly to reach for my awful old grip.

The movement brought me ever so slightly nearer the edge of the deck, and as I lifted the thing I gave one more last glance at the crowd below. And then the very first fact that I saw clearly I knew. And it was a Catholic and a priest. And I'd seen him once before in my life and on the other side of the world. And I hadn't expected him, and I hadn't known that he was going to be there to meet me.

But I was rather pleased about it. In its way New York can look almost as decent and homelike a town as London. For the Catholic Church, I suppose, has branches in all the capitals that count. I am pleased for the benefit of American readers to be able to include New York amongst them.

## Ballad of the Crosses

By JOHN BUNKER

HE looked from the darkling hillside  
To the valley far below,  
And oh, his thoughts were sharp and bitter  
And all his heart was woe.

For never again would he behold  
Wife or child or home,—  
Too long he had borne his heavy burden  
And far away he'd roam.

Too long he had borne his heavy burden  
Which he no more would bear;  
Too weary was his body of toil,  
Too full his soul of care.

And so, just as the cottage lights  
Began to twinkle and glow,  
He looked his last, then onward passed  
With heavy step and slow.

And darker and darker grew the valley,  
And darker grew the hill,  
And all the little stars came out,  
And everything was still.

Then suddenly before him  
Right in his pathway  
Rose up a winged angel  
Whose face was bright as day.

A smile half tender and half sad  
He wore, and were his eyes  
Serene as star-reflecting pools  
Beneath untroubled skies.

The man before that bright creature  
Dropt down upon his knee,  
But the great angel bending low  
Upraised him graciously.

WITH smile half tender and half sad  
He raised the man forlorn,  
But never a word he said to him  
Of pity or of scorn,

But to the valley he pointed  
Beneath the shade of night,  
And straightway on each rooftop shone  
A radiant cross of light.

O'er every dwelling shone a cross,  
(The cross that each must bear),  
And some were grievous to behold  
And some exceeding fair.

And some were large and massy,  
And some were very small;  
And lo, the man saw 'mid the crosses  
His own the least of all.

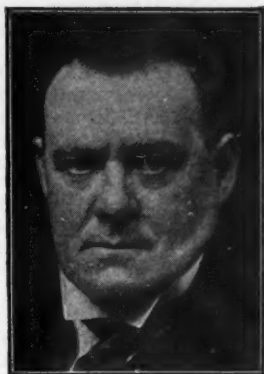
A musing while that man remained  
Steadfast as the ground,  
And suddenly those lights did vanish,  
Made neither stir nor sound.

A musing while that man remained  
As still as any stone  
And when at last he turned about  
He found the angel flown.

Long, long he wondering stood  
Beneath the gloom of night.  
"Oh, I will bear my cross," he said,  
"Though heavy it be or light;

"And I will bear it to the end,  
Whether large or small;  
For every man must bear his cross  
Since Christ bore His for all."

By  
Hilaire  
Belloc



# ANNE BOLEYN

*The Third, of Twelve Studies of Outstanding Characters in the English Reformation*

ANNE BOLEYN is the pivot figure of the English Reformation. It was through her that the political and social phenomenon called Protestant England came into the world.

She was not, of course, the cause of the movement, still less the cause of its final result. Innumerable causes converged toward that. But the movement would not have been launched, would not have been directed towards the goal which it ultimately reached, had not Anne Boleyn so completely dominated the King of England as to compel him ultimately to break with the unity of Christendom; and though Henry remained deeply attached to the Catholic doctrine and practice until his death, once he had broken with unity—that is, with the Papacy—there was a breach in the dyke and the flood was ready to pour through.

## Whitewashing Henry VIII

NOT only was Anne Boleyn not the cause of the great affair, but still less was she the inspirer of it. Least of all the actors, with the exception perhaps of Henry himself, was she filled with any conscious intention of effecting such a result. The personality to whom must be given that rôle of inspirer, the mind which planned the origins of that great change and made it likely to succeed through economic as well as religious policy, was the mind of Thomas Cromwell.

Anne, then, was neither the cause nor the inspirer of the first movement away from Catholicism. But she is what I have called her, the pivot figure. It is because she was what she was, and did what she did, that England is what she is today.

It is, therefore, of the first importance to history to understand what this woman really was and what her action really was and the real place of that action in the whole scheme of the time. From her day to our own it has been taken for granted by

all national tradition and by every historian that she lay at the origins of the English Reformation, but latterly there has arisen an effort to weaken or question this sound tradition and to explain the quarrel between Henry and Rome and the ultimate effect of it in other ways. This effort at supplanting true history by false is part of the general scepticism of our time, which is usually ready to accept anything new because new falsehoods sound more picturesque as a rule than well-worn truths. There is also here a powerful motive, which is to make the origins of the change of religion in England look a little less ignoble than they really are. That is why Professor Pollard, for instance, who is the chief authority on the details of the period in England, tries to maintain the fantastic theory that Henry's attempt to get rid of his wife was not connected with Anne Boleyn, but with larger reasons of State, and that he had had the policy of getting rid of Catharine of Aragon in mind for many years before he met Anne Boleyn. The idea is not only fantastic, but desperate; it has no chance of being accepted out of England, and I do not think it will be accepted even in England save by those who are very hard up for material in the whitewashing of Henry VIII's character.

No, Anne remains and will always remain at the origins of the catastrophe. It behooves us therefore to understand her and her effect as best we can.

## A Capital Feature

ANNE BOLEYN was a Howard. That is the first thing to grasp in connection with her, and it is all the more important to grasp it because historians have failed to stress as strongly as they should have stressed this capital feature in her position. She was a Howard through her mother, who was the daughter of that old Duke of Norfolk, the victor of Flod-

den, and who was the sister of his son Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, who played a great part throughout the whole of Henry VIII's reign.

## The House of Howard

THE Howards were semi-royal. They had a somewhat different character from all the other great English nobles, although the family was not particularly old, and the reason of this particular character of theirs was that they stood for a younger branch of the Plantagenet family, which was the true blood royal of England. The greatest of the Plantagenet kings, Edward I, one of the chief figures of the height of the Middle Ages, the contemporary of St. Louis, and of Alphonse of Castile, and of St. Dominic, had a young son, Thomas, generally called Thomas of Brotherton. He gave him vast estates, the title of Norfolk and the hereditary post of Earl Marshal of England—that is, head of the English armed forces. The family of this Thomas soon ended in an heiress, who married a Mowbray, whereupon her husband took on the title of Earl Marshal and all the tradition of the younger Plantagenet branch.

The Mowbrays again soon ended in an heiress, who married a wealthy private gentleman of legal descent, but who already possessed land in East Anglia. This private gentleman was called Howard, and he took over in his turn the tradition of Thomas of Brotherton and of the Plantagenet younger line. He was hereditary Earl Marshal of England through his marriage, and he was made Duke of Norfolk—the title of Duke being at that time of quasi-royal significance and only given to those who were of royal blood or represented a branch of it.

This Howard who thus became Duke of Norfolk only acquired his position thirty years before Henry VIII came to the throne, and, though they were not, under the name of Howard and through the male line,



of any great importance, they were very important as representing the continued tradition of the Earl Marshalship and the younger Plantagenet blood and as having a Dukedom with its connotation of connection with the Crown.

This first Duke of Norfolk had fought against Henry VIII's father, and his title had been taken away from him, but it was restored to his son—the one who was victor at Flodden, as I have said—who was called the second Duke of Norfolk, and it was inherited by his son, again Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, the uncle of Anne Boleyn.

So Anne Boleyn comes to the court of Henry VIII under the introduction and auspices of the Howard connection.

Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was a very wealthy man, nothing like the equal of his wife socially, but of considerable family importance through his mother, of the Irish family of Ormonde. On his father's side he was descended from big merchants in the City of London. He had considerable talent, especially as a diplomatist, and was used by the Government on many occasions.

#### Anne's Age and Character

Now that we have understood who Anne Boleyn was in the high society of England at the time, the next thing to understand is her age, appearance and character.

Oddly enough (considering what a great position she held even before captivating Henry) we are not quite certain of the date of her birth. It would take up too much space to marshal all the arguments here which have been advanced for various dates; the one most generally given, 1507, is almost certainly wrong. I myself incline to 1502 or 1503; at any rate it was earlier rather than later. The point is of importance, because her age has a good deal to do with our understanding of the way in which she intrigued and of her capacity for fulfilling her ambition. If she were born in 1507, she would be only eighteen when Henry began to understand that he could not have her unless he married her, and she would only be fourteen when she is first talked of as mixed up in an affair. That is why 1507 seems to me an impossible date, for men were already claiming to be her lovers as early as 1521. On the other hand, if she were eighteen in 1521 and over twenty when she began to make it clear to Henry that he must marry her and that she would not be his mistress the whole state of affairs becomes explicable.

Anyhow we may take it that round about the year 1525 this young woman was something between twenty and twenty-three years of age and

had thoroughly captured the King. She was about the court both as the daughter of her important official father and as an attendant upon the Queen Catharine, but also in another connection which it is important though unpleasant to recollect, because it helped to explain Henry's action. Her younger sister Mary had already been the mistress of Henry VIII in very early youth; and he had got rid of her by marrying her off to one of his gentlemen. (She is usually called the older sister, but this is a mistake.)

#### Not Beautiful, but Fascinating

ANNE'S appearance was singular. She carried herself rather badly, was flat-chested and round-shouldered. She had a very thin neck, with the Adam's apple prominent and large—to which it was thought she owed her really fine contralto voice. She also had very long dark glossy hair and powerful black eyes. Beautiful in any ordinary sense of the word she certainly was not. But she had a strange and not healthy power of fascination, at least over certain types of men. She was slightly deformed. The little finger of her hand was double. Those who would flatter her called it "two nails." People on the other tack roundly said that she had two little fingers. It was a defect which she was always at pains to conceal as best she could.

She used her fascination calculatedly and coldly, and she so used it from a very early age. When she may have been anything between her sixteenth and her eighteenth year—more probably about eighteen—in the year 1521 she so caught and entangled the heir of the greatest non-royal family in England, the Percys of Northumberland, that he was hopelessly in her power, and he remained till his death full of that memory, long after he had had to give her up, for when she found she had a chance of higher game she got rid of him at once.

Meanwhile she had had a second string to her bow, even at that early period, in another conquest of hers, Wyatt, a gentleman closely connected with Henry, not a pleasant character and one who later, I think, traduced her, pretending that she had been his mistress as quite a young girl. I do not think this is true, because of what we know of Wyatt's character and what we know of her own, which was frigid and determined to make the most of every opportunity. There was nothing impulsive about her. She would not have ruined her chances by yielding to a man in Wyatt's position.

It was probably as early as this time, 1521, that the King, who was then a man of thirty, began to consider her. He probably also had

about that time, and certainly immediately afterwards, given up living with his legitimate wife, Catharine, although there was no outward semblance of any breach between them. He had already had other adventures, and one illegitimate son was born to him by Elizabeth Blount, a lady who had been an old playmate of his in early youth. We have seen also how he had taken Anne's sister Mary for a mistress and discarded her. I have said that this point should especially be borne in mind, because it helps to explain the way in which Anne, who seems to have had much more will power than her sister, attracted him. He was evidently drawn to the family type.

We must presume, of course, that Henry at this early stage did not intend marriage. He sent sharp orders that the engagement with young Percy should be put to an end and used Wolsey as his agent in so doing. Some think, however, that he was thus acting as early as 1521 rather with the idea of making a marriage for Anne as heiress of the Ormondes and thus using her politically. Whether this were so or no, at any rate soon after he intended to make her his mistress.

We have no documents; we can only judge by the nature of the case and by what followed. But it is fairly clear that some time before, or in the very early part of 1525, when Henry was thirty-four years of age, and Anne well over twenty, perhaps as much as twenty-three, there was some arrangement between them, and that Anne had already given Henry to understand that she would not be his mistress, but would envisage marriage if he could get rid of Catharine. In that year her father was raised to the peerage and given a new and more prominent position, and in that year we have also large gifts from Henry to Anne, and Henry interfering with her movements and saying where she is to stop.

#### Henry Seeks Annulment

IT DOES not follow that Henry had thus early accepted the idea of marrying Anne. He probably still thought she would become his mistress at last. To attempt the repudiation of Catharine, the niece of the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, the most prominent woman in the greatest family in Europe, would be a very serious business indeed, and Henry's hesitating and uncertain character would hardly come to a decision at once in the matter.

In the summer of 1526 he had taken the first steps towards getting the marriage with Catharine annulled, upon the plea that the original dispensation for marrying his

deceased brother's wife was invalid. In 1527 he took open steps in this direction and the divorce, as it was called, though of course it was an effort at annulment and not at divorce in the modern sense of the term—for in those days when everybody was Catholic divorce in the modern sense was not conceivable. And thenceforward for five years Anne tyrannized over him more and more, until the unfortunate man was hardly sane in regard to her. She could do what she willed with him and drove him at her discretion to the most impossible public actions. In order to get her, he began that worrying of the Pope which ended at last in the complete breach with Rome.

What exactly the relations were between them during this interval we can guess rather than prove, though even our guess must be of a tentative character, as it is also of a displeasing one. Displeasing though it be, it is necessary to have some precision in the matter, because unless we appreciate the relations of these two, we shall not understand the complete subjection into which Henry fell.

#### Crowned in Westminster

SHE would not allow him complete satisfaction until she was virtually certain—every obstacle having been removed by the death of the old, very Catholic and saintly Archbishop Warham—that even if the Papal court did not grant annulment, Henry would take the matter into his own hands and marry her.

She thus began to live with Henry as though she were already married to him, somewhere about September or October of the year 1532. Before Christmas of that year she was with child. Her chaplain, Cranmer, had been marked down for the Archbishopric of Canterbury; he was enthroned in the March of 1533, pronounced the marriage between Henry and Catharine null and void, proclaimed Anne to be the legitimate wife of Henry immediately after, and crowned her Queen in Westminster Abbey a few days after the sentence. Her child, who grew up to be Queen Elizabeth, was born in the September of that year.

Now began the process which may be observed in parallel cases in all times and places, including our own day. It was a case such as many of us have come across in our own observation. Henry having been driven pretty well off his head by this woman's pertinacious handling of him and refusal for so many years to surrender herself completely to him, was, now that he obtained satisfaction, changed in her regard.

She had a bitter tongue, not without wit, using the French language,

in which she was trained and in which she thought as well as spoke. She ridiculed Henry behind his back, and he got to hear of it. Her fine voice in singing had ceased to attract him—perhaps it had also deteriorated. She had accumulated enemies by her violent fits of temper, which she had never restrained in her angers with Henry himself. So it was not only the weariness of Henry with her, but also active ir-

IN his Gallery of English Reformation Portraits, Mr. Belloc has thus far exhibited King Henry VIII, Catherine of Aragon, his legitimate Wife and Queen, Anne Boleyn, Paramour and Usurper. In the November issue he will present Thomas Cromwell, an historical figure seldom portrayed in full stature. The grand-uncle of Oliver Cromwell, Thomas started from nothing. The son of a small beer-house keeper, he became the real creator of the English Reformation. The employee of Wolsey, he brought about the dissolution of the monasteries, and his name is chiefly associated with this great orgy of loot. One of the most potent factors in bringing about his fall was his having tricked Henry VIII into a marriage with Anne of Cleves. Condemned to death, he made his last days pitiable by screaming for life. He fawned and cringed, using the most extraordinary phrases, comparing Henry to God, and saying that the perfume of the royal hand would waft him to Heaven if he were allowed to kiss it again.

ritation against her, which began to change her fortunes. He was tired of her, he began to dislike her, soon he hated her; and if they still carried on, it was only because Henry hoped that she would give him an heir, a boy.

She probably would have done so but for his brutality, for a miscarriage which she suffered early in 1536 was by herself ascribed to his infidelity and roughness to her. She said she had been so pulled down by the whole business that her health had suffered; and we must remember in this connection that Henry himself by this time was certainly suffering from disease.

At any rate, a miscarriage she had,

and what with his disappointment and his increasing loathing, Henry was determined to be rid of her. His character had deteriorated rapidly; moreover he was superstitious, and seems to have got it into his head that she had bewitched him. An indictment was framed against her, the validity of which I will discuss in a moment. She was accused of adultery with various people, including a couple of gentlemen about the court, one of the royal musicians, of lower birth, and even with her own brother.

Thomas Cromwell, then all-powerful, master of things spiritual and temporal in England, as the King's viceregent over his new schismatic church, and the king's lieutenant in civil affairs, was as determined as Henry upon her death, for it would get rid of a rival. Henry had already determined who should succeed her, a certain Jane Seymour, daughter of a small landed gentleman in Wiltshire, whose sons were employed at court, while Jane herself was, as Anne had been, about the Court as a maid of honor.

#### Anne Is Beheaded

HENRY and Cromwell used Cranmer to ruin Anne, by frightening and threatening her after a pretended friendship, and Cranmer's action was the more base considering that his whole advancement and position were solely due to his having been a creature of the Boleyns and their chaplain. The wretched woman fell into a hysterical condition at the approach of death; she was left uncertain whether she would be burned or decapitated. On Friday, May 19, 1536, she was beheaded with a sword within the precincts of the Tower of London, by the headsman from Calais, specially brought over for the execution.

Was she guilty of the misconduct ascribed to her? It is one of the most fiercely debated points in English history. Standing as she does at the origins of the Reformation, the favorers of that movement have been hot in her defence. On the other hand, those who desire to exculpate Henry as much as they can exculpate that detestable character, like to believe her guilty, and for the defendants of the old Religion nothing was too bad to be put down to Anne.

The accusations, especially that of incest, seem so monstrous that their very enormity is an argument in her favor. On the other hand, she was certainly unscrupulous in affairs of this kind, and she seems to have been quite unbalanced in the last year or two of her life. Some who have medical experience in these matters maintain that she suffered from a particular irresponsibility, which makes the charges credible

enough. I have myself always inclined to accept them. But many good students of the period with whom I have discussed the matter are divided, and some urge the strong argument that the two gentlemen concerned did not confess, while the musician, who did, confessed only under threat of torture. Anyhow, they were all put to death as well as herself.

Catharine had died before her. Henry's marriage with Jane Seymour which took place immediately after

Anne's death was therefore quite legitimate in the eyes of the Church, and quite probably there would have been a reconciliation with Rome had it not been for Thomas Cromwell's having already launched the policy of confiscating church property, beginning with the monasteries, a policy which created a vested interest of great power against re-union.

Anne's fatal action, therefore, had come just sufficiently late to start the ball of the Reformation rolling.

She had not intended it, she had intended only to fulfill a petty and personal policy, in which she triumphed only to bring about her own destruction. But she will remain for ever, in spite of lack of intention, the origin of that long movement which ended by the complete change of the English mind and character and the supplanting, after a troubled and heavily contested struggle of over a hundred years, of the old Catholic England by the new and modern Protestant one.

# ASSUMPTIONS OF

By

# † Alexander MacDonald

Titular Bishop of Hebron

# EVOLUTION

**E**VOOLUTION from beginning to end is but a scaffolding of hypotheses or assumptions. To assume is to take for granted what should be proved or accounted for.

1. Evolution takes organic life on this earth for granted. Every living organism is of some definite kind. An animal, for instance, is either a cow or a horse, an insect is either a fly or a spider, a plant is either a rosebush or a vine. What I mean is that it cannot be both at the same time.

Now, throughout the multitudinous species of living organisms that people the earth the law of conformity to type holds each species within its own limits. Variation there is, almost endless variation, but always within specific bounds. Dogs continue to breed dogs evermore, cats cats, mice mice, and monkeys monkeys.

The first living organisms that appeared on the earth were distinct types even as are the living organisms of today, and were subject to the law of conformity to type. Evolution does not account for the appearance of the first organisms; it just takes them for granted, and it has no right to take them for granted. When it undertakes to account for the origin of species, it has to account for the origin of the first species as well; that needs accounting for just as much as the last; indeed more than any in the long line.

An almost endless chain of living

lines of which the first is missing is a chain suspended from nothing. This is its first assumption.

2. Evolution assumes in the primordial forms of life a tendency to vary beyond the limits of the species. This assumption is in flat contradiction to the universal law of conformity to type. It has been well said that a tendency to vary in the species would be a tendency to annihilate itself in its offspring. The natural tendency of everything is to act according to its nature and to conserve the nature that it has. Self-preservation is the first law.

3. In the fossil forms that have been dug up out of the bowels of the earth and constitute what is known as "the record of the rocks," evolution assumes a genetic connection between fossil forms, between species and species. This is the boldest and most arbitrary of all its assumptions.

Genetic connection has to be traced along the dynamic side of the organism, the vital principle, as being the result of the action of the vital principle, not along the static or morphological side. Similarity of organic structure serves only to show that similar organisms are cast in similar moulds for similar purposes of organic life.

Species of today reveal the same similarity, but that does not involve genetic connection. On the contrary each species continues to reproduce

itself within its own limits in accordance with the fundamental law of conformity to type.

The assumption of genetic connection between successive similar specific forms in the fossils of prehistoric times, when it is simply impossible to trace such a connection because the agency which alone could effect it, the vital principle, ceased to operate ages ago—this, of all the assumptions of evolution, is the most colossal.

Ever since men began to dwell upon the earth and leave a record of their experiences, similar organic forms have existed side by side upon the earth, but the principle of vital energy in each specific form has always reproduced its kind, plants plants, beans beans, peas peas, animals animals, horses horses, cows cows, monkeys monkeys, men men.

And when man has been able to obtain a cross between two species, as between an ass and a horse, the offspring is infertile, or else reverts to one or other of the original types. It is an old saying that Nature abhors a vacuum, but quite as strongly does she abhor the crossing of species, as being an interference with her supreme law of conformity to type. She bans and bars it and so blocks the way of evolution at every step.

4. The very expression, "missing link," is a barefaced assumption. It assumes a genetic connection between the species that are separated



by the missing link. We are told by Professor Julian Huxley, writing in the *New York Times*, that there are many missing links between the species of today, between monkey and man. And we are bidden by the writer of a letter in a daily newspaper to beware of saying that man is descended from the monkey or the ape, whereas the simian ancestor may have been only a forty-second cousin of the ape, away back in those prehistoric times. As if it made any difference how far back you go, or how many cousins the ape may have, or have had!

Certainly the monkey is one. But the whole simian tribe of today continue to wear hides and sport tails, and reproduce their kind. They continue to be separated from man, mentally, ethically, physiologically, and even morphologically, by as wide a gulf as their ancestors in the shadowland of prehistoric ages.

5. Five millions years ago, more or less, when man, as we are told, began to diverge from his simian ancestors, those very remote simian ancestors, of course, had hides on them and wore tails, like their very remote cousins of today. Why didn't

they evolve? Why didn't they shed their tails and their hides?

The animals of the simian family are with us still, monkey, ape, and orang-outang. Of all the members of the family, one only was privileged to be our simian ancestor. Evolution was greatly at fault there. It should have extended the same privilege to all and sundry, and didn't.

Here is one more assumption: evolution produces wonderful results in one case, is barren of results in other cases; whereas, if it be a law of nature, it should be uniformly fruitful of result.

6. We are told the reason the ape hasn't evolved is that it has reached its highest development. If this is so, the same reason must hold in the case of all forms of plant and animal life now upon the earth. In other words, there is no such thing as evolution, for the lowest forms even of plant life are still reproducing themselves after their kind.

Evolution does not account for the origin of life, nor for the fixity of the multitudinous species of living things now upon the earth. The fact of the fixity justifies one in saying that the

great trouble with evolution is that it doesn't evolve. Of the three tenses, as Fabre pointedly observes, one is missing, the very one that interests us, and is alone free from the incubus of theory.

"AND God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds, and cattle, and everything that creepeth on the earth after its kind." (*Gen. 1:25.*)

This is the Creator's own account of the origin of species. And it stands to reason. The origin of life is accounted for, and nature's own law of conformity to type is explained, the law which is an insuperable barrier to evolution from first to last.

So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life.

God, the Supreme Intelligence, Who made all things on a plan, after a type or model, and for a purpose, set limits to the things that He made which may not be overpassed. Man made in His image and likeness, in that he possesses intelligence, does in like manner, setting limits to the things that he makes according to the purposes which they serve.

## MAY PAGEANT

By Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

PILLOWED to rest on May's white breast,  
I felt her heart dance with a song;  
And mine, borne away with so sweet a lay,  
Went to join this jolly throng.

Every flower that grew blew a blast loud and true,  
And its balmy fragrance gave,  
While the wood-thrush and wren, in tree top and glen,  
Warbled their blithesome stave.

On the shimmering green, done in emerald sheen,  
The frolicking sunbeams played,  
Or spun their dreams on fleecy streams,  
And on fresh green moss beds laid.

Too, in bush and tree, in fearless glee,  
Did the chuckling chipmunk dart;  
While in bog-land and fen, from its mud-walled den,  
I saw the beaver start.

Now a stirring breeze breathes through the trees,  
And in May's wood-brown hair  
Weaves a garland of green, proclaiming her Queen,  
And sighs at beauty so rare.

Then the sun wheeled to rest down the aureate west,  
Bespangling stream and tree,  
And leaving the world, as Night's banner unfurled,  
To rollicking revelry.

The sportive moon, in her golden shoon,  
Trips o'er the star-lit seas;  
Sparkling waves round her press, and her tresses caress,  
As they stream in the merry breeze.

From the deep-wooded shores the philomel pours,  
Out on the silvery night,  
His sweet nocturne, that makes his mate yearn  
Her truest love to plight.

In the jasmine bower at this faery hour  
The furtive moth awakes;  
'Midst fragrant wafts, with wassailous draughts,  
The dulcet nectar takes.

But the chaste morning star, from her radiant car,  
Casts down a piercing ray:  
Lo, from such revelry she fain doth flee,  
And beckons returning Day.



# SOME MEN *Die Twice*

THERE was little outwardly to distinguish the two prisoners who, guarded by Roman soldiers, marched towards Golgotha behind the Galilean Prophet. Outlaw experiences had set on their faces the same brand of desperation, cruelty and courage. They were accused of the same crime and they were about to share the same fate. Above all, they were united in suffering that fate in the company of the Son of God.

This last fact, it might be thought, would have on them a similar effect. Why should it not? They belonged to the same class. They had passed through identical ordeals. Death with its great levelling power confronted both. Surely they would be in the same state of mind, equally humiliated, equally ready to respond to the supreme privilege of dying with Him.

Jesus is set between them. If there had been differences between them, if, during their imprisonment, they had quarrelled and fought after the manner of their kind, if the final crisis has brought out those individual characteristics which distinguish men from one another, it might be expected that He would prove a bond of fellowship. They would become one in Him. Was it possible to be

By  
**Daniel B. Pulsford**

*Illustrations by W. Rhodes*

associated so closely with Him and not feel alike the power of His personality?

INSTEAD of this we find that He serves to separate them. He becomes an occasion of discord between them. On each he has an opposite effect. From the one side come a poignant prayer for mercy; from the other side, coarse ribaldry and blasphemous insult. One of these seared souls sees in Jesus the hope of salvation, while the other is provoked to cursing his Fellow-Sufferer. They who seemed so close are driven to opposite poles. United in life, they are divided in death.

The same thing had been observed throughout the Prophet's public life. He had brought out both the good and the bad in those who came in contact with Him. At His Advent the nation had been, comparatively speaking, united; His death found it divided into two parties. Some declared Him an impostor; others hailed Him as the promised Messiah.

Wherever He went He stirred up strife. The possessed were thrown into convulsions at His appearance. The devils, at the sound of His voice, woke to hideous activity and flung their victims into fresh torments. In more normal ways, evil was provoked by His presence. At the same time, He moved others to praise and prayer. Mingling in the hostile crowds which tried to shout Him down were those in whom the very sight of His face released all the pent up longing for God and holiness.

This was no more than He had Himself declared would occur. "Do not think," He had said, "that I came to send peace upon earth: I came not to send peace but the sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law. And a man's enemies shall be they of his own household."

HISTORY has confirmed this. Over against the effect which Christianity has had in pacifying warlike races, we must put the wars of religion, terrible conflicts in which millions perished. Added to these bloody quarrels are the innumerable controversies which have embittered life, dividing nations and households.

Our Lord exercises the same divisive effect within His Church. His presence today, as in the days of His flesh, operates both to bless and to damn according to the disposition of those who come in contact with Him. Now, as on Calvary, He provokes conflicting responses. "Let a man prove himself," is St. Paul's awful warning with regard to Holy Communion, "and so let him eat and drink of that bread, and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." Here the contrary effects witnessed in the case of the two thieves crucified with Our Lord are repeated.

This is not to endorse the Protestant heresy that the effect of the Blessed Sacrament depends entirely on the state of those who receive it. There is an objective grace which is independent of that state. Christ is as truly present in the consecrated elements as He was on the Cross. The communicant receives Him as surely as both the Penitent Thief and his companion heard and saw the Divine Sufferer. It is not suggested that the Host is merely a symbol, the value of which depends on our faith.

What is asserted is that the effect of reception—the consequence to the recipient of communicating—will be either blessing or condemnation according as He is received in faith or not. There is nothing magical in the Catholic doctrine of Holy Communion. A wrong disposition does not destroy the validity of the Sacrament but profoundly influences the manner in which it determines our eternal destiny. Certain medicines and operations may be said to cure diseases whatever be the mental attitude of the patient.

We must not assert the same inevitableness concerning the healthful effects of The Bread of Life. We must not make the reception of Our Lord's Body a mechanical thing. If St. Paul's words mean anything they mean that to partake of it unworthily will be our undoing. To such unworthiness he attributes the low ebb of spiritual life in the Corinthian community. "Therefore," he says, "are there many infirm and weak among you, and many sleep."

As with the Sacraments, so with the teaching of the Church. A knowledge of the Truth may prove one of the causes of our final loss. "We preach Christ crucified," wrote the same Apostle, "unto the Jews indeed a stumbling block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness: but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." It is in the same sense that he speaks of his own

ministry: "For we are the good odor of Christ unto God, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one indeed the odor of death unto death: but to the others the odor of life unto life."

Thus, the mere fact of being a Catholic, by adding to our privileges, adds, also, to our responsibilities. The proverb has it that it is the best who can become the most corrupt. Because we stand higher than others, we can fall lower. Because we know the Truth we are under the greater obligation to obey it. To forget that and to suppose that membership of the Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of itself insures us against the eternal loss of our souls is to make the same mistakes as those Jews who imagined that to be children of Abraham was equivalent to a guarantee of salvation.

But it is not only in the sacraments and teaching of the Church that Our Lord approaches us. He seeks our good in the providences of

life. It is this purpose which interprets the sufferings and sorrows that fall to our lot. Above all, the proximity of death is a divine warning, bidding us prepare to meet our God.

IN MILLIONS of cases it has acted thus. Men and women who, during their lives, have been careless with regard to their religious obligations and licentious in conduct, at the first intimation that their days are numbered have expressed sincere penitence. Marvelous are the changes witnessed under these circumstances. It is easy to sneer at death-bed repentance, but the genuineness of innumerable cases shows that God does use this means for giving us a "last chance" and lead us to believe that He will take account of resolutions made at such times. The prospect of death may be spoken of, therefore, as one of those sacraments of God's providence in which He seeks to gain entrance to our minds and hearts.

But here again we meet with the





same possibility of refusal. Danger and death do not inevitably sober the sinner, but, if they do not, they have the contrary effect. Overshadowed by mortality, he cannot remain the same but must be better or worse for the experience. The impenitent Thief seems to have been driven to a very orgy of blasphemy. Dying under the very eyes of Incarnate God, he was excited by that very fact to a climax of wickedness. To say that he railed at his Fellow-Sufferer *in spite of* the fact that that Sufferer was Almighty God is to mis-state the case; he did so *because* He was Almighty God. No other, under the circumstances, could so have stirred up the evil dregs of his nature. Thus, he died twice—physically and spiritually. Death became for him a sacrament of damnation.

NOR is this a solitary case. Famine and plague have been occasions for extraordinary licentiousness. At no time did Catholic Europe so abandon itself to vice of all kinds as during the period when the Black Death was carrying off more than half the population. Writing of that time, an historical authority concludes, "It is a well-ascertained fact, strange as it may seem, that men are not, as a rule, made better by great and universal visitations of Divine Providence." We owe to the demoralization caused by the Black Plague that collection of stories with the authorship of which Boccaccio's name is burdened, a collection which displays all the pagan freedom of the Renaissance. Little as their refined sensuality might seem to suggest the fact, these stories are supposed to have been related by a company of wealthy and cultured folk who had fled to the quietness and isolation of the country to escape the ravages of the Plague. The fact is characteristic of the spirit provoked by this awful calamity.

The same connection between the danger of death and immorality was noticed during the Great War. As the danger increased so did the moral recklessness: One of the wounded during the Battle of the Somme in 1916 said, "Before Verdun we prayed. Now in the Somme we curse everything we see." It was observed that immediately before troops were sent up to the front line there was an outbreak of indecency. Says the Rev. F. Stratmann, O. P., in *The Church and War*, "The Chaplain noticed that the Sunday before [the soldiers went into the front trenches] many men and officers who could perfectly well have been at Mass were absent—amongst them many who had even been regular communicants. That night the *Maison tolérées* of the town were stormed; a soldier observed cynically,

"They are practically starving." It was a sign that the regiment was going into special danger." It is unnecessary to multiply instances. It is an established fact that the proximity of death, instead of sobering men, may incite them to evil.

There is nothing automatic in the alleged beneficial effects of suffering. We must not assume that hardship and pain will of themselves purify us. They may have the opposite effect. The more trying experiences of life, therefore, are times for special watchfulness. We should approach such experiences as we approach the Sacraments—in prayerful mood lest we be rendered reckless and cynical, lest sorrow make us hard or suffering cause us to seek escape by way of self-indulgence. The crosses we are called upon to bear have the power to damn as well as to save us.

## The Law of Life

By Millicent Claire McNicholl

O, TEACH to me the law of life,  
Great Teacher of the ages,  
The law of faith and hope and love,  
That I today may richly live;  
That I may leave unto tomorrow  
Tomorrow's joy or grief or care.

Teach me to live within that law,  
Wise Teacher of the sages,  
That I in very truth shall know  
No fear of life nor death, but see  
Those two, who always walk together  
As complements, one of the other.

This fact has its bearing on those catastrophes brought about by human policy which justify themselves on the ground that they beget strength of character. War is frequently upheld on this ground. It is said to instill manly virtue, but we have already seen that it may do the reverse of this—undermining true manliness and degrading its victims to a level lower than that of the beasts. This justification of war as a purifier of national character evades the facts.

A people must enter upon war in a high and noble temper if it is not going to demoralize them. Only a few of the men in the Great War, Father Dreiling, O. F. M., tells us, maintained a very high standard to the end. I quote Father Stratmann again, "War may be a short cut, *if it does not last long*, to a moral and religious awakening; but if it continues for long it is full of danger to religion and morality. Sincerely devout men became indifferent and stupefied and one company of Bava-

rians simply declined any religious observances till the Battle of the Somme was over." The justification of war must rest on other grounds than its redemptive character.

The same may be said of those measures contrived by Society for the checking of crime. The effect of penal laws, including those which ordain capital punishment, is not so invariably good as to warrant the community passing them on these grounds. It may be necessary to punish the thief and murderer but we must seek other arguments for doing so than that the danger of such punishment is going to have a wholesome effect on others or on those concerned.

The principle here enunciated has its bearing on the Church's doctrine of Hell. Many outside the Church refuse to accept the eternity of the doom assigned to the impenitent and plead that God's only reason for punishing sin is that the sinner may thereby learn to amend his ways. No state of suffering after death is justifiable in their eyes save as a means of moral regeneration. But if, instead of being morally regenerated, the victim of Divine anger refuses to turn from his evil ways, what then? That he may do so, we have seen. That he may be made worse, is at least possible.

The theory which excludes vindictive justice from God's economy leaves the problem of such cases unsolved. It is impossible to speak with certainty concerning any individual case, but we may allow ourselves to ask whether one who, having endured the tortures of crucifixion under the very eyes of Christ only to be driven thereby into still graver sin, would be likely to retract his blasphemies through the effects of some purgatorial process.

IN the light of what has been said, the three crosses silhouetted against the Jerusalem sky-line loom up as a tremendous symbol of the twofold effect of God's grace. There, on the very pinnacle of Divine Love, in actual physical proximity to the dying Saviour, within earshot of His forgiving voice, a man dies, not merely impenitently, but made more fiercely rebellious by that very intimacy. Who then can say that, of itself and apart from any interior response on his part, the Sacramental Body of his Lord is going to save him? Must we not remind ourselves of St. Paul's warning to the Corinthians and remember that we may "eat and drink" to our damnation and that, similarly, to know the Truth and not obey it is to place ourselves in worse case than those who have never known it? That is the lesson taught by the impenitent Thief.

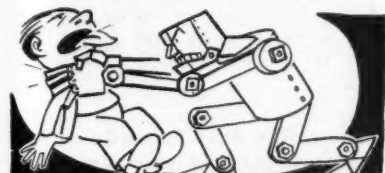
# POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

## Men and Machines

LABOR-saving machines have saved so much labor that, at present, too few laborers are earning wages to be able to buy the products of them. What price, then, the urge and push and mass-production of the great mechanical age? It is shove's labor lost.

In order to get the human machines working successfully again for



the all-important manufacturing of social and economic happiness it looks as though we may have to scrap some of our infernally inhuman machinery and realize that muscle and sinew are more significant than pistons and motors. Man's right to work, violated by modern inventions, must be well assured and better protected.

This is the Gospel of Labor—  
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk!—  
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest,  
But the blessing of earth is work.

## Some Cook's Tourists

THEY rush across the sea  
And dash through Paris—Rome,  
And then become again.  
Mere nobodies at Home.

They might have closed their eyes  
And gone to mental Spains,  
With profit more and trouble less:  
But *thought* would give them pains.

And so they sought afar  
On slender mental rations,  
And what they found was—Europe?  
Naw!  
Just darn old railroad stations.

## Cruel and Correct

He: A great truth lies on my mind.  
She: Well, there's certainly nothing to keep it from sinking deep.

## Campaign Battle-Cry

Remember the slogan "Keep Cool with Coolidge"? How about this one?—Keep Oo-o with Hoover.

## Immortal Death

How old new stuff quickly grows in these mad-pacing times! Only yesterday savants were promising all the old or ageing folk such a gland time that—well, second childhood, it seemed, would indeed be second childhood again. Voronoff, Carroll and Whom-Have-You were going to jack up broken-down human machinery, and Life was to be generally driven in high-gear. (Incidentally, however, undertakers didn't appear to be getting any poorer and church-bells still tolled.)

But these modern discoverers of the Fountain of Youth must now lie down in "the vasty halls of Death" with old Ponce de Leon himself. Their method and findings pale away alongside of the newest of the secrets of recapturing the years that have gone. The world is bowing to Doctor Jules Stokloska, who has satisfied himself that the thief of Time can be killed by radium!

"Old age," comes his message, "is simply a state in which the tissues of the body have become deoxidized, and the state of complete deoxidation is Death." In other words, a man still dies, as of old, from shortness of breath, you see, and if breath can be gotten into him—"The alpha rays," goes on the Doctor, "are capable of arresting this process, while the beta and gamma rays, by reoxidizing the cell tissues, give them new life." But what if the cells do not take the charge? The voice of Science does not seem to answer, and a long hollow laugh is distinctly heard from the Tomb.



The Giver of Life remains its master, and for all the vaunted progress of knowledge it is as true now as in the beginning that man "knows not the day or the hour." Which, after all, is not such a gloomy or tragic truth when coupled with the old verse:

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
I am nearer Home today  
Than I ever was before.

## Concerning Russia

THE purpose of Russia is to destroy capitalism, but she finds that she needs a whole lot of it for the purpose.

If Religion is opium, then O Lenin-grad, drug-fiends are saints.

With regard to slaying Religion, the mere closing of churches is futile. Russia would have to blot out the stars, abolish the springtime, poison every heart, banish death and its recurrent warnings, silence the music of children's laughter, nullify the thrill and mystery of birth and prohibit abstract thought. Even then Truth would rise, on the third day, from its grave, even as it did once before.



Voltaire once mused on the possibility of a serene future when the last king would be strangled with the entrails of the last priest; but Voltaire is dead, and the last of the kings are dying, and the Church lives on, stronger than ever. Viviani boasted of plucking the gleam of Bethlehem from the skies and extinguishing it forever; but, as an author once remarked, all the braying of an ass cannot bring down a star.

Russia has a superhuman task before her. She is wrestling with Heaven; and Heaven always wins.

## Similes

As foggy as a rainy day in Russia's future.

As dependable as a belt, safety-pins and suspenders combined.

As certain as an Al Capone acquittal.

As exclusive as Times Square Subway at six o'clock or Gimbel Brothers' basement on sales-day.

As futile as a Hoover commission.

## Discovered

"MY mind is a perfect blank,"

The sweet maid, sly, admitted.  
"Then why not be thinking of me?"  
He asked. "I am," she twitted.

### Paternal Pinches

SIXTY Government Prohibition agents raided twenty-four resorts recently and arrested thirty-four men at Atlantic City. Nice work. The Government really should take an interest in a great industry, or else our struggling boot-leggers will feel slighted and suspect that publicity is being purposely withheld from their profession. Nothing is lost by a little visit now and then; and who can carp on a Prohibition agent elbowing a suds-slinger or two?—especially since many a suds-slinger has often elbowed a Prohibition agent.



It is a lovely fraternal spirit which has been sprouting for some time between Law and Disorder in our Land. We have reason to expect that soon the harmony will be perfect: with Vice and Virtue doing such a cheek-to-cheek and jowl-to-jowl waltz as was never before witnessed in the history of social ethics. The occasional pinches are merely playful. And so, in a sense, we are emphasizing the "United" in our national name and adding another State to the forty-eight:

Bedlam.

### Ideal Slenderness and Slender Ideals

THE modern girl has made a kind of religion of slenderness. It would be all right, of course, if she let her purpose rest in her figure. No one could possibly be offended with a race of Dianas, thin and graceful as a slice of the moon. But the trouble is that Miss Up-to-Date too often lets this craze for slenderness affect also her ideals and ethics, with the result that never before, perhaps, in a scrutiny of the sex, has there appeared such an array of blemishes.

A trim and pretty body is hardly effective, romantically, when accompanied by a lank and blotchy soul. And yet many a charming-looking girl wonders why she lacks appeal.

Maidenhood might well carry around a mental mirror and find some intimate answers in its honest reflections.

### Happy Returns

SECRETARY Andrew Mellon has returned from a vacation at Cape Antibes. And now that the Secretary of the Treasury is back with us it would be an excellent thing—wouldn't it?—if the Treasury itself would return.

### Christianity and Economics

THE American brain has apparently slowed down with American business. For instance, the problem of the disposal of our huge surplus of wheat, purchased by a generous Government for the purpose of keeping the price of it up and the Farmer's spirit from going down (too far), has confronted us for some time. So has the knowledge of a hungry and now even starving China. But it really takes time, these distracted days, for the obvious to sink deep. At last, however, Washington has decided that the poor yellow folk may be more important than ware-house rats and that they should have a chance at our futile food-supply. However remote, there is a possibility that, some day, China may pay, and a "perhaps" is better than a "never."

How fortunate that humanitarianism has its economic significance!—else, in a day like ours, it might hardly enjoy an inning at all. Dollar-signs are a great quickener of thought, and what can't be registered in cash is not worth considering. Apparently it is not the tragedy of a country's need that animates us to direct some of our food-surplus to the Orient so much as the commonplace that we simply have to do something to relieve our economic congestion and might as well do it on a basis of possible future returns!

Charity has been whittled down in the last two years, necessarily or not, to strange shapes in humanitarian America.

### Cause for Content

THERE is official authorization for the manufacture of 2,728,100 gallons of medicinal whiskey in 1932. What with the unofficial authorization for a billion gallons of the un-medicinal variety it is hard to see why a thirsty nation should have much to complain about. Those that happen to want Prohibition can have it, and, as somebody said, those who desire what is prohibited can have that too. Truly our Uncle Sam aims to please: why shouldn't we be pleased with his aims?

### Hist!

ARMED bandits collected 59,000 dollars in jewelry and cash in two hold-ups recently in Manhattan and Brooklyn. But that's nothing. Think of what the unarmed ones are getting away with in Wall Street!



### All Wet

ENGLAND plans to extend direct telephone communications with other continents. And why, in such a period of depression? Possibly to



facilitate a general weeping on one another's national shoulders and to prolong the era of "all wetness" in world affairs. Which would certainly be a damp shame.

### Political Picnic

THE Hoover debt holiday appears, like most picnics, to be running into hornets' nests and polson ivy. Too, it is being chased by a lot of bull.

### The Road Forward

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, has written another Remarque-able book, *The Road Back*. But this second masterpiece suffers, not from comparison with the first, but from echoes which mar its message.

That the War was a holocaust in which Youth was wantonly sacrificed is a fact that had to be realistically told sooner or later; but, having been fully and fearlessly portrayed, the theme weakens itself by repetitions, however disguised in new out-put by the same author; and a just complaint against war, compelling the attention of the world, rather becomes a whine that forfeits it. The book is said to be a failure in France, which took so enthusiastic to its predecessor.

The evident duty of the generation that penetrated the Argonne Forests of that dark War-period and got lost was to find themselves. Life had taken their youth and given them in return experience, which, after all, is the exchange that every man must eventually make, war or no war. Twelve years have passed since the mammoth struggle. Youth would have gone from all the soldier-boys by that time anyhow. So that a sob-story of stolen years, too long drawn out, even by a literary genius, is apt to become a bit of a bore.

It is to be hoped that the third Remarque-able book will deal with some such stimulating topic as the Road Forward, looking to the Realm where all disillusionment is lost in the Supreme Reality and where the veterans of the warfare of Life will find a youth that can never be swept away and is thrillingly eternal.



# BEFORE GETTING MARRIED

## No. 3 in the Canon Law of Marriage

By  
Adrian Lynch, C. P.

### *Is everyone free to marry?*

"All can marry who are not forbidden by law." Canon 1035.

What is meant by "forbidden by law?"

The answer to this question concerns impediments, which will be discussed in the November issue.

### *Is the consent of parents necessary before their children marry?*

Children who have not reached their majority, that is, before their twenty-first year, should not marry without the knowledge of their parents, or contrary to their reasonable opposition. If they refuse to listen to him, the pastor is not to assist at their marriage, before consulting the bishop. Canon 1034.

Does the opposition of parents invalidate the marriage of their children, who have not reached the age of twenty-one?

Strictly speaking, not if children have reached the proper age laid down in Canon Law. While they should seek and, as far as possible, endeavor to conform to the wishes of their parents, they are not obliged to obey them in so important a matter as choosing a state of life. That is why the Canon quoted above says that children should not go counter to the reasonable opposition of their parents. Two evils, therefore, are to be avoided,—rashness on the part of children, and selfishness on the part of parents.

What is the age required for a valid marriage, according to Canon Law?

Males who have completed their sixteenth year, and females who have completed their fourteenth year, can marry validly. Canon 1067.

Is it advisable to contract marriage at such an early age?

Although marriage contracted after the completion of the canonical age is valid, according to Canon Law, pastors of souls should advise young people to postpone marriage until they have reached the age at which marriage is usually contracted according to the custom of the country. Canon 1067. Each State fixes the age limit of marriage, which ought to be observed. At the same time the Church deprecates unduly late marriages. The age of twenty-four

is regarded as "superadulta," or over age, in a woman, and is recognized as a reason for granting a dispensation, when one is asked for.

### *Is this not an absurd age to marry?*

It would seem so to those who live in places where marriages are contracted much later in life. The Church legislates for all the faithful, and therefore must take into account the conditions and customs of all her subjects. In hot climates marriages are contracted much earlier than in cold climates. The age laid down by the Church is the minimum required for validity.

How should one prepare for marriage?

By living a truly Christian life; by frequent and fervent prayer for light to know one's vocation, and to find a suitable partner; by receiving the Sacraments regularly, so as to increase the life of Divine grace in the soul; by cultivating purity of soul and body, so as not to bring to the Sacrament of Matrimony a character which has been corrupted by sin.

### *Is company-keeping lawful?*

Company-keeping is tolerated, where such a manner of choosing a spouse exists, as in the United States. In some countries company-keeping, as we know it, is not the manner of choosing a spouse.

How long should company-keeping last?

Company-keeping should last only until the parties either agree to marry, or decide not to marry. Company-keeping can easily become an habitual occasion of sin. No general rule can be laid down, but experience abundantly proves that the practice is gravely abused.

Is there any other bad effect of over lengthy company-keeping?

Assuredly. A man who courts a woman without a serious intention of marriage, or continues it after he has decided against marriage is guilty of injustice, since he prevents the woman from finding a suitable and marriageable partner elsewhere.

The older a woman grows, the less chance she has of being married.

Can the same thing be said of a woman who encourages the attentions of a man, when she knows that marriage is out of the question?

The same thing can be said of a woman, who after a sufficient length of time finds that she has no serious intention of marriage, or that marriage is impossible.

What should those who keep company remember?

They should remember that company-keeping does not entitle them to the rights and privileges reserved by the law of nature to married persons.

Does the Canon Law legislate about company-keeping?

The Canon Law does not explicitly mention company-keeping, but since her laws are directed to the sanctity of marriage, they implicitly reprove any custom which unduly delays the celebration of marriage, especially when that custom is a proximate occasion of sin. This attitude is clearly shown in the canons which deal with the betrothal, or engagement contract.

### *What is the betrothal contract?*

The betrothal contract is a mutual promise of future marriage, made between one man to one woman, both being qualified.

What is necessary for the validity of a betrothal contract, according to Canon Law?

"A promise of marriage, whether unilateral or bilateral, that is sponsalital, is null in both forums, unless it is made in writing and signed by both parties and also by either the pastor or Ordinary of the place, or by at least two witnesses." Canon 1017 §3.

What are the benefits of such a formal engagement?

The Church has learned from long experience that many evils were caused by reason of private and informal engagements. It was often difficult, if not impossible, to determine whether a real engagement was made. Many engagements were entered into rashly and broken on a sudden, giving rise to litigations and enmities. Often fictitious promises of marriage were made in order to

seduce confiding women. The new law aims to prevent these evils.

*What is meant by "null in both forum"?*

This phrase means that unless an engagement, or betrothal, is made in the form prescribed in Canon 1017 §1 the promise to marry cannot be enforced either in conscience, or by a competent tribunal. In other words, Canon Law will not recognize any other promise of marriage.

*Is there an obligation to fulfill one's promise to marry, when a canonical engagement is entered into?*

A canonical engagement begets a grave obligation to fulfill a promise to marry the betrothed person at the proper time, and consequently forbids those engaged to marry any other, as long as the valid betrothal exists. Moreover, such a betrothal obliges both parties to keep the sponsalial faith, and not to render themselves unfit for marriage.

*May a canonical engagement be dissolved?*

Canonical engagements may be dissolved lawfully for the following reasons: by mutual consent; by a supervening obstacle which renders the marriage impossible or unlawful; by a violation of fidelity to the contract; by a subsequent notable change, or the discovery of a grave defect which, if known before, would have prevented the contract from being entered into; by delay in complying with the promise beyond the appointed time; by dispensation of the Pope.

*Does the unlawful violation of a canonical engagement give the right to sue for the celebration of the marriage?*

"A promise to marry, although it be valid, and there be no just cause to excuse from fulfilling it, does not furnish ground for an action to demand the celebration of the marriage. It will, however, permit a suit for damages, if any have been suffered." Canon 1017 §3.

*Of what benefit, then, is a formal, canonical engagement, if the parties cannot be obliged to fulfill it?*

The Canon prescribing the conditions necessary to be observed in making a formal engagement, or betrothal, has two advantages: it insures greater fidelity to the promise of marriage, and at the same time safeguards the liberty of marriage.

*In what court can a suit for damages for the violation of a canonical engagement be brought?*

According to a response of the Pontifical Commission for the interpretation of the Canon Law, dated June 2, 1918, an action of this kind can be brought before either the ecclesiastical court or the civil court.

*Are formal engagements, or betrothals, common among the faithful in this country?*

They are not commonly entered into in the United States. The Canon Law does not make them obligatory.

*What obligations, if any, arise from private or informal matrimonial engagements?*

Private and informal engagements, that is, engagements entered into without the form prescribed by Canon 1017 §1, have no value in Canon Law. Just as the State can demand the observance of certain formalities for drawing up civil contracts, under the penalty of invalidity, so the Church can exercise the same right in making religious contracts. However, if either party injured the other, e.g., by deceit or force, he would be obliged to repair the damage, not by reason of the engagement, which is invalid, but by reason of the injustice.

*How is the celebration of marriage arranged?*

By consultation with the pastor, usually of the bride, and at least a month prior to the marriage.

*Why a month prior to the marriage?*

In order to allow time for the publication of the banns.

*What are the banns of marriage?*

Banns comes from an old English verb meaning "to summon." In Canon Law banns of marriage are public announcements, or proclamations, of pending marriages.

*How many times must the banns of marriage be made?*

The banns of marriage must be announced on three successive Sundays or feast days of obligation, during Divine service. Canon 1024.

*Why are banns of marriage announced?*

Banns are announced in order to discover if both parties to the pending marriage are free to marry. Canon 1019.

*Where are the banns of marriage announced?*

The banns of marriage between two Catholics are announced in the parish where the marriage is to take place, as well as in the parishes of both parties, if they live in different parishes. If there is any suspicion that the parties may have contracted impediments elsewhere, the bishop of the diocese may order the publication of the banns wherever the parties have lived at least six months after having reached the age of puberty. Canon 1023.

*May the banns of marriage be dispensed?*

Yes, the banns of marriage may be dispensed by the bishop of the diocese, if in his judgment, he thinks

that there is sufficient reason for so doing. Canon 1028.

*How much does a dispensation from the banns cost?*

A dispensation from the banns does not "cost" anything. It is not a question of buying and selling. But a tax is placed on those who wish an exception to the law to be made in their case. This tax also helps to defray the expenses incidental to expediting dispensations. The tax varies according to the number of banns dispensed from.

*Are the faithful obliged to reveal impediments?*

Yes, there is a serious obligation to reveal impediments to the proper authorities. Canon 1027. This obligation implies that only those impediments should be revealed which stand in the way of a lawful and valid marriage, and that they should be revealed before marriage.

*To whom should impediments be revealed?*

Impediments should be revealed to the pastor of the parties, or to the bishop of the place. Canon 1027.

*Who is the proper pastor to arrange for the marriage, and also to celebrate it?*

Both the pastor of the bride and the pastor of the groom, if the parties live in different parishes, are competent to arrange for the marriage, and also to perform the ceremony of marriage, but the pastor of the bride has the preference. Canon 1097 §2.

*May parties be married elsewhere than in the parish of the bride?*

Yes, by arrangement with the pastor of the bride, the parties may be married either in the parish of the groom, or in some other parish. Canon 1097 §2.

*In what rite should a marriage be performed when the parties belonged to mixed rites; that is, one is a Roman Catholic, and the other is a Greek Catholic?*

Marriages between Catholics of different rites are to be celebrated according to the rite of the man, and before his proper pastor, unless the Holy See ordains otherwise. Canon 1097 §2.

*Is there any other investigation to be conducted before marriage?*

Yes, the pastor whom the law entitles to assist at the marriage should ask separately both the man and the woman whether they are under any impediment, whether they freely consent to the marriage, (this applies specially to the woman), and whether they are sufficiently instructed in Christian doctrine, and realize the nature and responsibilities of marriage. He shall also admonish them to make a good confession and to receive Holy Communion. Canon 1020, Canon 1033.

*Does disease constitute an impediment to marriage?*

A serious disease is not numbered among the impediments to marriage in the Canon Law. The Church does not teach that persons who are diseased thereby forfeit their natural right to marry. Nevertheless justice and honor demand that when parties to marriage are suffering from serious disease, especially infectious or contagious disease, the fact should be revealed to the other party. The happiness of marriage is dependent in large measure on the health of the parties.

*What documents must be furnished by those about to marry, in a parish other than their own?*

Each party must furnish the pastor, or the priest who is to assist at the marriage, with a baptismal certificate. (This certificate is not necessary when both parties have been baptized in the parish where they are to be married.) Canon 1021. Each party must also furnish a statement from his or her pastor that there is no impediment to the marriage. Canon 1029.

*What is to be done when a person,*

*who thinks that he was baptized, cannot furnish the pastor with a baptismal certificate?*

The testimony of an eyewitness, or even of a person who, though not an eyewitness, can testify to the administration of baptism, would be acceptable in order to marriage. These instances might occur if the parish records were lost or burned. The sworn testimony of the person himself would be accepted, provided he was baptized in adult age. Canon 779.

*Why is a baptism certificate demanded?*

In order to discover if there are any impediments to the marriage, and also to make certain that the parties are baptized, for if not baptized they cannot receive the Sacrament of Matrimony. Canon 737.

*How does the baptismal certificate indicate whether the parties are free to marry?*

The Canon Law prescribes that when one of the faithful marries or receives Sacred Order, or makes solemn religious profession, or has a marriage declared null, a record of these things be made in the baptis-

mal register. Thus, when a baptismal certificate is made out the pastor sees at a glance whether or not the party is free to marry.

*Is a certificate of baptism required of a non-Catholic, in case of a mixed marriage?*

Yes, the non-Catholic party, if baptized, should furnish a certificate testifying to the fact of having been baptized. Canon 1021.

*Are banns of marriage announced when a marriage is to take place between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic (mixed religion,) and between a Catholic and an unbaptized person (disparity of worship)?*

As a general rule the banns of such marriages are not published. Canon 1026. But the priest who is to assist at the marriage must make all necessary investigations in order to discover if the parties are free to marry.

*Must the Sacrament of Confirmation be received before marriage?*

Catholics who have not received the Sacrament of Confirmation should be confirmed before they marry, if they can do so without inconvenience. Canon 1021.

## PERILS

*By Cray Coventry*

*"perils of waters, perils of rabbers, stripes, stoning, hunger and thirst"*

**F**LOATING petal, by this island  
Settle, settle here forever!

Onward roll the river fountains,  
Arching, arching over mountains,  
Marching on eternally  
Downward to the sea.

You were never born for faring  
Where the thunder-crashing torrent  
Plunges on the plain.

Hidden, hidden,—here your fragile grace is curled in sleep,  
Furl—imprisoned,—hid forever—  
Never stolen, never straying sheep.

Baying by the waterside, the hounds are splashing in the  
reeds.

Leap and bound—and the gashing fangs spill the living  
wine.

Down the sky the sable broods sweep in a weary, sickening  
line

To swarm along the stain.

Torn the blue cloak of your beauty,  
Broken the bird-song of your heart  
To cries of pain.

Never a meed—the sadder, harder part  
Is all in vain.

"Never a meed"—my empty words came flying back  
to me.

Singing in the bubble-wake the petal floated by.

High in the hills of Heaven rose the mystic minstrelsy

"Gardener of the Rose Wounds—a little bud for me!

A little leaf from the laurel wreath that crowned the  
Torture Tree!

May I die

Hurled upon the Heart of God helplessly.

Love has stained me crimson, burning

Fire on the waters yearning

For the ecstasy of rest

On His Breast."



# WHY CALLED

By ✠ Neil McNeil

Archbishop of Toronto

# CATHOLIC?

THE last time the Apostles had an opportunity to submit a question to the Master they asked: "Lord wilt thou at this time restore again the Kingdom to Israel?" His reply made it clear that the new Kingdom would extend far beyond the limits of Israel, "and even to the uttermost part of the earth." As to the position of Israel in it, however, it was not for them "to know the times or moments."

Christ's reserve had a purpose. Salvation was to be offered to the Jews without sudden shock to their national sentiment. The transition from the Temple and the Synagogue to the Christian Church was to be gradual. After Pentecost thousands were converted, but they and the Apostles continued to worship in the Temple and observe the law of Moses.

For several years the Apostles preached to Jews only. To the Gentiles the Church presented the appearance of a Jewish sect, and the faithful were called Galileans or Nazarenes. How were the Gentiles to be brought in? The Apostles did not know. They continued to evangelize the Jews during about twelve years, and then God gave them new light through their leader, St. Peter.

In the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles an impressive scene is depicted—a vision which led St. Peter to say afterwards to Cornelius: "You know how abominable it is for a man who is a Jew to keep company or to come unto one of another nation, but God hath showed me to call no man common or unclean." And Peter initiated him and his family into the Church by Baptism without any rite connecting these convert Gentiles with the Jewish nation.

ON HIS return to Jerusalem, Peter found the brethren excited about the manner in which Cornelius and his family were received. Why were they not circumcised? Was this the way to restore the Kingdom to Israel? Then Peter told them of the vision he had, and many rejoiced with him that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh justice is acceptable to Him."

The Apostles now began to see how the Gentiles were to be brought in; but the people were not steadfast. The national sentiment is tenacious.

The case of Cornelius, they told themselves, was an exception, a dispensation granted by God; but the rule must be circumcision for Gentile converts.

Then one day there came from Antioch a report that excited them more than the case of Cornelius. They were told that many Gentiles were there received without circumcision and that these called themselves Christians, not Galileans or Israelites. Something had to be done, and several hastened to Antioch, where "Paul and Barnabas had no small contest with them."

The peace of the Church demanded a final decision in this matter.

---

## APPELATIVE AND QUALITATIVE

IN Syria there was a student named Ignatius, seventeen years old at the time of St. Paul's death in Rome, and in one of his letters, written from thirty to forty years later, we find the first recorded use of the word "catholic" to express the capacity of the Church to embrace all nations. It was not yet part of a proper name. It would still be written without a capital C if it had not become part of the proper name of Christ's Universal Church.

---

and it was agreed to refer the whole question to the Apostles in Jerusalem. Thus, what is called the Council of Jerusalem was convened to define the relation of the Church to the nations, that is, the nature of the Church's Catholicity.

When they were assembled, Peter explained that the case of Cornelius was not an exception, but a Divine general ruling for the reception of Gentiles. James added arguments from the Prophets, "How God first visited to take of the Gentiles a people to His name," and suggested the form of decree by which the Church emerged from national restrictions.

Henceforth the Church was to embrace the nations on a footing of equality instead of one privileged nation through which the others would have to pass on their way to Christ.

This was something new in the world. Empires had embraced two

or more nations in the civil order; but each nation had its own religion as it had its own language. Hitherto a nation or an empire embraced many different religions.

Now, for the first time in history, a religious organization was to embrace many nations. A many-nationed Church was something at which cultured pagans, like Celsus, sneered as an impossible dream. A new word was needed to express this phenomenon. Hitherto the people of God, however endowed in other respects, was but a nation among other nations. The old Covenant was national; the New Covenant is what?

St. Paul expressed the fact in a great variety of ways. "Which in other generations was not known to the sons of men, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and of the same Body and co-partners of His promise in Christ Jesus by the Gospel." "There is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek." "In one spirit were we all baptized into one Body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether slaves or freemen."

St. Paul, however, did not find the exact word to express this "mystery," as he called it. In Syria there was a student named Ignatius, seventeen years old at the time of St. Paul's death in Rome, and in one of his letters, written from thirty to forty years later, we find the first recorded use of the word *catholic* to express the capacity of the Church to embrace all nations. It was not yet part of a proper name. It would still be written without a capital C if it had not become part of the proper name of the Church.

It was not by any formal act of the Pope or Council that the new word *catholic* became a proper adjective like the word *united* in the name United States. It was a combination of circumstances in the second century that made this word appellative as well as qualitative: the novelty of a many-nationed Church, the conflict between conscience and inclination in those who accepted the duty of unity without being yet able to discard the pagan hatred of foreigners, the frequent preaching of this duty by successors of the Apostles, the continual conflicts with Jews and Judaizers—these and other circumstances gave to the word 'Catholic' the prominence of a proper name.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: MASONIC POPE

(1) *What is the attitude of the Catholic Church toward capital punishment? Could a Catholic perform the duties of an official executioner?* (2) *I have been told by a non-Catholic that at one time one of our Popes belonged to the Freemasons. If this is true, please tell me how he became a member, and why he discontinued membership.*  
A. R., Conn.

(1) There is no formal declaration of the Church regarding the lawfulness of capital punishment of malefactors, as far as we know, but the common teaching of Catholic theologians is that the State has the right to inflict the death penalty on those guilty of grievous crime. The teaching is confirmed by both the Old and the New Testaments. The former in many places prescribed the death penalty for certain crimes. (Gen. 9:6; Exod. 21:12; 14:23; Lev. 20:2; 14:7; Deut. 17:6; 19:12.) The latter implies that the civil authority possesses the power to put criminals to death, for the reason that the prince, or ruler, "beareth not the sword in vain, for he is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." (Rom. 13:4.) St. Thomas gives the reason for this right: Society needs to be protected against malefactors who disturb the public welfare. Now, just as it is lawful for a private individual to cut off a diseased member of his body for the sake of the health of the whole body, so it is likewise lawful for the civil authority to cut off malefactors by capital punishment in order to preserve the well-being of the State, which is a moral body. Since the capital punishment of criminals by public authority is not murder and perfectly justified, (though not always necessarily to be employed), it is lawful for any man to act as executioner of the death penalty. (Canon Law, however, forbids clerics to act in this capacity). The executioner is simply an agent of the civil authority.

(2) This is an old canard against Pope Pius IX, fabricated by his enemies. After the Pope had condemned the Freemasons, a flood of calumny was let loose against him. It was asserted that he was admitted into the Masonic Lodge at Sinigaglia, Italy, while a young man, but the Freemasons overlooked the fact that there was no Masonic Lodge at Sinigaglia at the time. Further charges were boldly put forward that he had been initiated into Freemasonry half a dozen times, and in as many places. But in the attempt to prove that Pius IX had become a Freemason, The Masonic Journal of Paris, *Monde Maconnique*, declared that Pius IX had been admitted into the lodge, not in Italy, or in Sicily, but in Philadelphia. The journal stated that Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, (Pius IX), became a Freemason in that city on his return from a mission in Chile, in the year 1825. Upon investigation by Masonic authorities themselves it was found, not only that Pius IX was never initiated into Freemasonry in Philadelphia, but that he was never in Philadelphia, since he went direct to Rome from South America! Other attempts have been made to prove that Pius IX was a Freemason, but they are as absurd as the Philadelphia incident. However, such tall stories are useful in beguiling the small fry of Masonry. You will find a thorough answer to such ex-

travagant charges in Father Thurston's *No Popery*, a book deserving of reading and study by Catholics.

## LEGITIMACY OF CHILDREN

(1) *When is a child considered legitimate, according to the law of the Church?* (2) *If a child is born one month after marriage, is it considered legitimate?* (3) *How would a child born within one month after marriage be considered according to the civil law?*  
HUDSON, N. Y. N. N.

(1) The law of the Church with regard to legitimacy is contained in the following Canons: "those children are legitimate which are conceived or born of a valid or putative marriage, unless the use of marriage, contracted before, was forbidden the parents on account of solemn religious profession, or the reception of Sacred Orders." (Canon 1114.) A putative marriage, according to Canon 1015 No. 4, is "an invalid marriage which was entered into in good faith by at least one party. It remains putative until both parties become certain of its invalidity."

"Children born at least six months after the celebration of marriage, or within ten months after the dissolution of conjugal life, are presumed to be legitimate"; (Canon 1115.)

The Canon law makes provision for the legitimation of children who have been born illegitimately, "by the subsequent marriage of the parents, whether this marriage is true or putative, whether newly contracted or revalidated, even though not consummated, (e. g., if revalidated at the hour of death), the offspring is made legitimate, provided the parents were free (*habile*) to marry, either at the time of conception, or of pregnancy, or of birth." (Canon 1116.) Therefore, by the subsequent marriage of the parents all *natural* children can be legitimized, but not *spurious* children; that is, children born of adultery, sacrilege, or incest.

(2) According to the tenor of Canons 1114 and 1116 a child born one month after the celebration of marriage would be considered legitimate, provided the marriage was valid or putative.

(3) The answer to this question depends upon the law of the State. It is our opinion, however, that a child born one month after the celebration of marriage would be considered legitimate by the State, provided the marriage was entered into in accordance with the civil law. The husband is presumed to be the father until the contrary is proved.

## ALPHA AND OMEGA

*Will you please advise what the two Greek letters, Alpha and Omega, signify?*

BOSTON, MASS.

G. W. C.

Alpha and Omega are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. They are used in the Bible to designate both the Eternal Father (Apoc. 1:8.) and also the Eternal Son. (Apoc. 21:6; 22:13.) When used with reference to Christ, Alpha and Omega clearly imply His Divinity, for they indicate that Christ is eternal, self-

existent, and infinite in dignity. These letters are often found on early coins, rings, paintings in the catacombs, frescoes of ancient churches, and on corner-stones and altars, to designate Christ.

#### WHY CHRIST WAS BAPTIZED

*We all know that Our Lord Jesus Christ was born without original sin, but why was He baptized by St. John?*

HOBOKEN, N. J.

M. T.

St. Augustine answers that Christ willed to be baptized in order to do what He commanded others to do. For Christ said, when He was baptized by St. John: "it becometh us to fulfill all justice." (Matt. 2:15.) St. Ambrose, commenting on this text, says: "This is justice, that what you wish others to do, first do yourself, in order to encourage others by your example." This is one of the most compelling features of Christ's life; He first "began to do and then to teach," so that He could say to all men, "Follow Me."

#### SAINTS LUCINA, AURELIA, CAROLINE, AND MILDRED

(1) *Please give me a short sketch of the life of St. Lucina?*—S. C., Louisville, Ky. (2) *Please tell me something about St. Aurelia and St. Caroline.*—C. L., Boston, Mass. (3) *Was there a St. Mildred?*—M. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(1) According to modern writers there were three Saints with the name of Lucina. All three were Roman ladies who devoted themselves to ministering to the Saints in prison, and to burying their bodies after martyrdom. The first and most celebrated of the three, who is especially honored on June 30, rendered these good offices to Sts. Processus and Martinianus, and other martyrs. The second performed similar offices during the Decian persecution, A. D. 250. The third in the time of Diocletian, 50 years later, rescued and interred the bodies of St. Sebastian, and of other victims of the persecuting Emperor's implacable hatred of Christianity.

(2) Sts. Aurelia and Neomisia, virgins, are commemorated on September 25. The time when they lived is uncertain, but it is probable that they were both of Asiatic origin. They visited the Holy Places in Syria and Palestine, and the tombs of the Apostles in Rome. At Capua they were maltreated by the Saracens, but escaped under cover of a thunderstorm. They took shelter at Macerata, near Agnani, where they died. We can find nothing concerning St. Caroline, which is the feminine form of *Carolus* or Charles.

(3) St. Mildred was a Christian virgin of the 7th century. She was one of three daughters of St. Ermenburga, also known as Ebba and Domneva. Mildred was sent by her mother to be educated in the convent of Chelles in France, and on her return received the religious habit from St. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in St. Ebba's monastery of Minster in Thanet, of which at her mother's death she became abbess. She attended a Provincial Council in that capacity in 694 A. D. She died towards the end of the century. Her relics were translated to Canterbury. She is commemorated on July 13.

#### SAINTS EMMETT, BRIAN, AND ALLAN

*Will you kindly furnish me with any information available on the following saints—Emmett, Brian, and Allan?*

CALLICOON, N. Y.

E. P. H.

We can find nothing concerning St. Emmett. Emmett may be an Irish form of Emmetrius, who was a Roman

martyr, and whose feast day is January 24. St. Allan, also called Elian and Eilan, was a Cornish or Breton Saint of the 6th century. He belonged to a family which numbered many holy members. He has given his name to Llanellian in Anglesea, and was Titular of St. Allan's Church in Powder (Wales). Frequently St. Allan is for some reason confused with St. Hilary. St. Allan's feast day is January 12. The only information we have been able to find concerning St. Brian is that he was a martyred king of Ireland, and that his feast day is March 22. Blessed Bryan Borolmba is commemorated on April 23. Bryan is an Irish form of Bernard.

May we suggest that those interested in the names and biographies of the Saints procure Butler's *Lives of the Saints* or *A Book of Saints*, as we wish to give this space to answering more practical and important questions.

#### TRUE CONFIDENCE IN GOD

(1) *What is true confidence in God without being presumptuous?* (2) *Explain the meaning of "living for God alone?"* (3) *What are the names of some books treating of these subjects, and where can they be obtained?*

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

S. R. R.

(1) True confidence in God is nothing more than an expression signifying the virtue of Hope. Hope is a theological virtue which enables us to desire God as our highest good, and to expect with a firm confidence eternal bliss, and the means to obtain it, because of God's goodness and power. The virtue of Hope is violated in two ways: by excess and by defect. The former is called Presumption, and the latter Despair. Presumption consists in expecting to receive the reward of Heaven, and also the graces necessary to attain it, without being willing to use the means ordained by God. Despair, on the other hand, is voluntary and complete loss of hope of obtaining beatitude, and the means to obtain it. Despair must be distinguished from fear of losing God, which afflicts even the most saintly souls at times. Fortunately, despair, in the strict sense, is very rarely found. Because the virtue of Hope resides principally in the will it is called confidence in God. It is joined with a firm moral certitude, excluding all unreasonable fear, that the good to be hoped for may be obtained. True confidence in God may be explained in the phrase attributed to St. Ignatius: "Labor for salvation as though everything depended upon you, and pray as though everything depended on God."

(2) To live for God alone is an expression frequently found in ascetical literature. It means to live in such a manner as to please God chiefly in all things; in other words, to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice." St. Paul expresses the idea in very simple words: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God." (I Cor. 10:31.)

(3) *The Spiritual Life*, by Rev. Ad. Tanqueray (\$3.00), and *Abandonment*, by Rev. Fr. Caussade, S.J., (\$1.00) are to be recommended. They may be obtained through THE SIGN. Add 10 per cent for postage.

#### PAPAL INFALLIBILITY: TRANSUBSTANTIATION

(1) *Does papal infallibility mean that the Pope, when speaking officially, cannot err or cannot state that which may be, or may prove later to be, actually untrue?* (2) *What is the Church's stand in regard to those Popes of the Middle Ages who have been discredited in some historical writings?* (3) *Do Catholics believe that the bread and wine at communion are transformed at that time into the actual Body and Blood of Christ, or are they just symbolical?*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

F. M.



(1) The doctrine of papal infallibility is defined by the Council of the Vatican as follows: "Faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian Faith, . . . we teach and define that it is a dogma Divinely revealed, that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is, when in discharge of the office of Pastor and Teacher of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority, he declares a doctrine regarding faith and morals to be held by the universal Church, by the Divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, is possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed for defining doctrine regarding Faith and Morals; and that, therefore, such definitions of the Roman Pontiffs are irreformable of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church."

It follows from this doctrine that the Pope is infallible only under the following conditions: (a) When he teaches *ex cathedra*; that is, as the Supreme Pastor and Teacher of the Universal Church; (b) When he defines a doctrine regarding Faith and Morals, that is, settles it definitively and irrevocably, as Pope Pius IX did when he defined the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1854; (c) When he teaches in the matter of Faith and Morals, which includes the whole content of revelation, or the deposit of Faith, which has been committed to the Church by Christ, of which the Pope is the Supreme Guardian and Interpreter; (d) Finally, when he intends to bind the whole Church to accept his definition, as an obligation arising from Faith.

Therefore, Papal Infallibility does not mean that the Pope is impeccable or that he receives new revelations from God, or that everything which he says as a private individual, or even his official acts in the government of his Diocese of Rome, and of the entire Church, are preserved from all danger of error. By no means. The Pope is infallible only when he acts as Christ's personal representative and the successor of St. Peter in proclaiming and decisively interpreting something as *already contained* in the deposit of Faith. If the Pope were liable to error when formally and solemnly exercising his office as Pastor and Teacher of all Christians, what assurance would Christians have that they might know with certainty what is to be believed as revealed by Christ? If the decisions of the Pope were not preserved from all danger of error at such times, then the promise of Christ to be with His Church all days, and to guard her from the gates of Hell would be of no avail.

(2) We are not aware that any of the Popes of the Middle Ages have been discredited, if there is question of any dogmatic teaching of theirs in the matter of Faith and Morals. Would you please furnish us with details? We're always looking for information.

(3) The official doctrine of the Church concerning Transubstantiation was formulated by the Council of Trent, and is as follows: "By the consecration of the bread and of the wine a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the Body of Christ Our Lord, and of the whole substance of the wine into the substance of His Blood; which conversion is by the Holy Catholic Church suitably and properly called transubstantiation." Therefore, according to this doctrine, Catholics are bound to believe that the substance of the bread and the substance of the wine are changed immediately after the priest pronounces the words of consecration over them, the appearances of the bread and wine still remaining, and that the Body and Blood of Christ are "truly, really, and substantially present" from the moment of consecration, until the appearances, or species, of the bread and wine are corrupted or dissolved. These words show that the Catholic Faith holds that Christ's presence is real and not symbolized, and that it becomes real at the *Consecration*, and not at the Communion, of the Mass.

#### LUCRETIA BORGIA: IMPEDIMENT OF PRIESTLY ORDERS: RECEIVING COMMUNION

(1) Was Lucretia Borgia an illegitimate child of Alexander VI, or did the Popes marry at one time? If so, when were they forbidden to marry? (2) At what date did the Church forbid priests to marry? (3) Can a Catholic man, married to a divorced woman, receive Holy Communion?

DUNCOMBE, IOWA.

J. K.

(1) Your question supposes that Lucretia Borgia was the daughter of Rodrigo Borgia, who later became Pontiff under the title Alexander VI. It is disputed among Catholic historians whether or not Rodrigo Borgia ever had any children. Monsignor Peter De Roo has written six volumes (Universal Knowledge Foundation) in an effort to rehabilitate Alexander VI against the monstrous calumnies of his numerous enemies. His contention is that Alexander VI never had any children. Those who were called his children were, in his opinion, nephews and nieces, whom Alexander called "his children" at times, from a motive of endearment, much as a pastor addressing a first Communion class would call them "my children." But the more probable opinion of Catholic historians is that Alexander VI had children, all illegitimate, one of whom was Lucretia. It is quite certain, however, that he begot them before ever he became Pope. The popes were always unmarried.

(2) The law making Sacred Orders a diriment impediment of marriage is not as old as the obligation of celibacy. It can, however, be traced to the Second Council of the Lateran in 1139, A. D. Celibacy, with respect to the clergy, especially the higher clergy, was more or less the ideal from the earliest times. It was not, however, till the Council of Elvira (Spain), around the year 300, A. D., that it began to be observed quite generally throughout the West. From that time the obligation was considered binding upon bishops, priests and deacons. Even those who had been married were obliged to abstain from marital relations under pain of deposition. Though continence was not perfectly observed, the Roman Pontiffs, notably St. Leo the Great and Gregory the Great, strove valiantly to maintain its observance. The present impediment of Sacred Orders binds sub-deacons, deacons, priests and bishops.

(3) Either the woman is still validly married to her first husband or she is not irrespective of the civil divorce. The reason is that civil divorce has no effect whatever upon a valid marriage bond. Therefore, if her first husband is living and the marriage with him was valid, it is impossible for her to contract a valid marriage with a second husband, in this case a Catholic. Supposing this to be the case, the Catholic man cannot receive the Sacraments until he leaves the woman and does penance for his sin.

#### BAD PRELATES

In "Henry VIII," by Francis Hackett, there are disgraceful things said about the churchmen of those days; that Cardinal Petrucci was hanged by Pope Leo X, giving details; that Cardinal Adrian ran away into Vienna in order to escape death at the hands of this same pontiff; and that Cardinal Wolsey had a mistress and illegitimate children. I can't understand. Please explain.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

M. A. C.

It is commonly admitted that Cardinal Wolsey had a mistress and illegitimate children. We have not been able to verify the charge that Pope Leo X hanged Cardinal Petrucci, and that Cardinal Adrian ran to Vienna in order to escape death at this same Pontiff's hands. Books written in a psycho-historical, satirical, sophisticated manner, like *Henry VIII* by Hackett, lack that

soberness of judgment and consideration of human nature which is necessary for appraising the virtues and the vices of mankind. The author of *Henry VIII* relates the scandals of the times with great gusto, but he never quotes reliable documentary evidence for the scandals, especially with reference to churchmen. You must take his word for it. Not, of course, that scandals have never occurred in the Church. Far be it from us to deny that. But if a Pope is charged with hanging a Cardinal we would like to see the authority on which the charge is based. The Popes had many and bitter enemies, who did not hesitate to fabricate stories about their lives in order to discredit them. The explanations of scandals among the hierarchy and clergy is that members of these classes do not cease to be men after the reception of Holy Orders. Since they remain men they have it in their power to sin, and to sin grievously. The clergy will never attain the status of the angels. Consequently we must not be surprised if they do not act like angels. Christ foretold that scandals would come, but He also said "Woe!" to him who gave the scandal. However, the Church which has been disgraced by scandals, especially among her clergy and hierarchy, is also the mother of Saints, a great many of whom are priests and bishops, and Popes. The Church is a society of good and bad, both among the clergy and the laity.

#### WHY THE CHURCH FORBIDS MIXED MARRIAGES

*I am a Catholic young woman. I married a non-Catholic four years ago, but I am now separated from him. He was an impossible person to live with. I tried to get him to go to Mass with me a few times, but when he did go he would come out of the church raving mad and say everything about the Mass. One Sunday when I was going to church he asked me if I were going to watch the cannibals eat the Body of Our Lord. He talked about priests and everything pertaining to religion. He never went to his own church, but he must have been brought up to hate Catholics. He often beat me and called me awful names. Now, do you think it is fair that the Catholic Church makes it a law to stay married to such a person? I am 25 years old and have my whole life before me—for what? If I could get a divorce (as some Catholics seem to and get married in the church afterward) I could marry a man who is everything my husband wasn't.* N. N.

We sympathize with you in your present unhappy state, but we fear that nothing can be done about it. You may recall that the Church forbids mixed marriages, but grants a dispensation from the impediment with sorrow of heart when her children insist on marrying one not of the Faith. Presuming that you were dispensed from the impediment of mixed religion, or disparity of worship, as the case might have been, and were married before a priest and two witnesses, the marriage is valid and binding till death, if consummated. The indissolubility of such a marriage is not a law of the Church merely, but primarily a law of God: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" (Matt.: 19:6). Since you were aware of this when you applied for a dispensation and since you freely consented to marry this man, you cannot blame the Church for your present situation. When married life becomes insupportable the bishop of the diocese may be petitioned to grant a separation from the unworthy partner, but the bond of marriage remains. You are one of many who have learned from an unhappy experience to appreciate the stand of the Church against mixed marriages only after it is too late to remedy matters. We print your letter in its entirety in order to prevent, if possible, other Catholics from sharing your sad lot.

By the way, how long is a "whole" life and are you sure so many years are ahead of you?

#### THE SIGN BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

*Will you please print a list of the books and pamphlets published by THE SIGN?*

CLEVELAND, O.

M. S.

#### Books:

*Pictorial Life of Christ*, by Fr. Herbert McDevitt, C. P. .... \$1.00  
*The Church Year*, by Bishop Canevin ..... 1.00

#### Pamphlets:

*Confidence in God*, by Fr. Considine, S. J. .... .25  
*How to Converse with God*, by Fr. Boutauld, S. J. .... .25  
*The Road to Sodom*, by Frank Spearman ..... .10

#### RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

*Where can I obtain a Sacred Heart badge, and a small book by Mother St. Paul, entitled "His Mother's Beads"?*  
 M. K.

Try Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York City.

## UNDER HIS SHADOW

*Devotional Studies in the Sacred  
 Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*

By the

Rev. Francis Shea, C. P.

☞ This beautiful book on Christ Crucified is made up of a series of exceptional papers which the author originally contributed to THE SIGN.

☞ So laudatory were the commendations they elicited on their first appearance that we decided to reprint them in book form.

☞ There is an unction in these pages that will warm the heart with love for Our Redeemer. Lay Catholics are sure to welcome this book and it should prove a valuable addition to the ascetical library of priests and religious communities.

PRICE

**\$1.60**

POSTPAID



ORDER FROM  
**The Sign**  
 UNION CITY,  
 NEW JERSEY

# DEVOTIONS FOR BENEDICTION: INFANT IN HEAVEN: UNPARDONABLE SIN

(1) *What prayers should one say during Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament? (2) My baby died when only eighteen months old. In what way should I think of her in my prayers? Should I pray to her and how? Will she be judged on the Last Day, like the rest of us? (3) What is the unpardonable sin?*

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

G. B.

(1) Devotions for Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament are to be found in prayer-books. A partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines is granted to those who say with faith, piety and love, "My Lord and My God," at the Elevation of the Sacred Host during Mass and Benediction. A plenary indulgence is granted, under the usual conditions, to those who make this ejaculation every day for a week.

(2) Your baby, if baptized, is certainly in Heaven, and therefore she is to be prayed to, as you would pray to any other Saint. Both the saved and the lost will appear at the General Judgment, the former to be glorified and the latter to be condemned, before all men.

(3) The unpardonable sin, according to some interpreters, is sinning against the Light with full deliberation. Thus the Pharisees attributed Our Lord's miracles, which He worked in order to prove His claim to be the Messiah, to Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils (*Matt. 12:31, 32*). Their sin was especially against the Holy Ghost because it sprang from hatred and malice, which are directly contrary to Divine goodness. Goodness is the peculiar property of the Holy Ghost. Other commentators hold that the sin against the Holy Ghost is the denial of Christ's Divinity. Christ came upon earth to save all men. He performed His miracles to achieve that end. It is of supreme importance to believe in His Divinity, because eternal life consists in "knowing Jesus Christ" (*John 17:13*). But one cannot know Him, as He wishes to be known, except one believes in His Godhead. Therefore, to deny His divinity and to refuse maliciously to admit the force of the proofs which Christ offered in order to substantiate His claims is to affront the very Spirit of God. Other commentators, finally, assert that the sin against the Holy Ghost, or the "unpardonable sin," is final despair. When a sinner refuses to accept the grace of pardon, he leaves this world bereft of pardon, not because his sins are unpardonable in themselves or too great to merit God's forgiveness, but because he wills not to be forgiven, since he refuses to ask for mercy. Such a sin cannot be forgiven either in this world or in the next.

## CONFESSION AND COMMUNION

*When I make the Nine Fridays I sometimes go to Confession on the Saturday before and go to Mass and Communion all through the week; also on the First Friday without going to Confession on the Thursday before. Is this all right?*

ORANGE, N. J.

C. L.

The only necessary conditions for the proper reception of Holy Communion are the state of grace and the observance of the natural fast from the midnight before, together with a right intention. Those who communicate frequently are advised to confess at least once every two weeks. In a matter of this kind it is better to seek the counsel of your confessor.

## PRIVATE REPLY

To G. E. L.—The virtuous thing to do is not to associate with the person in the manner you mention.

## LIVES OF THE SAINTS

*Please recommend a book on the lives of the saints.*  
JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass.

A. L.

You will find *Lives of the Saints*, adapted from Rev. Alban Butler, with reflections for every day, interesting and instructive. Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents. The most comprehensive book on *The Saints* is by Monsignor Holweck, but the price of this book is \$10.00.

## CONVENTS OF PASSIONIST SISTERS

*Will you please tell me where the Passionist Sisters are located?*

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

H. H.

The Passionist Sisters of the contemplative community have but two convents in the United States. They are located at 2715 Church Avenue, Carrick, Pa., and 1560 Monrow Avenue, Scranton, Pa. The teaching community of Passionist Sisters have but one convent. It is located at Dexter Street, Providence, R. I.

## INCARCERATED NUN

*Could you give me any information about the Mexican nun who was accused of being an accessory in the slaying of President Obregon and who was sentenced to jail?*

CINCINNATI, O.

E. G.

Sorry, but we have no information concerning her.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. L. I. C., Pittsburgh, Pa. J. H., Schenectady, N. Y. M. D., Magnolia, Mass. M. P., Pawtucket, R. I. J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. C., St. Louis, Mo. J. R., Roxbury, Mass. S. J., Dodge City, Kan. A. E. S., Milton, Mass. M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. A. F., Lockport, N. Y. E. J. W., Somerville, Mass. N. T. K., W. Somerville, Mass. J. R. F., Yonkers, N. Y. T. N., Everett, Mass. P. T., Salem, Mass. J. A. C., Port Jervis, N. Y. L. E. F., New York, N. Y. J. M., Rye, N. Y. E. A. F., East Hampton, N. Y. M. D. Saxonville, Mass. C. V. N., Woburn, Mass. F. D. G., Everett, Mass. C. E. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. E. A. O's., Brooklyn, N. Y. M. B. C., Chicago, Ill. M. V. S., Brockton, Mass. N. F. H., Dorchester, Mass. J. A. P., Swampscott, Mass. G. M. F., Hartford, Conn. C. T. H., Maynard, Mass. L. D'L., Dorchester, Mass. M. A. G., Normandy, Mo. M. G., Ravinia, So. Dakota. W. P. S., Boston, Mass. E. G. B., Roslindale, Mass.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

## FURTHER LIGHT WANTED ON MARRIAGE

**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

Even though I read the splendid article by Adrian Lynch, C.P., in the July issue of *THE SIGN*, I cannot understand the idea of the Pauline Privilege and the two other exceptions to the indissolubility of marriage. If Christ made no exceptions Himself, when speaking of marriage, and the exceptions have been made by St.



Paul, then, as I understand it, the whole idea of marriage and divorce rests with the Pope. That is, any one of the Popes would have the same authority as St. Paul to dissolve marriage for other reasons which they thought were equally good. I was always under the impression that *for no cause on earth* could a marriage be dissolved because Christ made no exceptions. It was my understanding that unbaptized persons could marry again because they had never been validly married. However, from the article in the July SIGN it seems that unbaptized persons are validly married.

Now, is it any harder to live with an unbaptized person, who makes it difficult or impossible for the convert to practise his religion, than it is to live with a baptized person who does the same thing? If the unbaptized are validly married, it would seem that there is no more reason for allowing them to separate and remarry than for others who are worse off. A relation of mine married a man who entered the Church and gave reason for thinking that he would be a good member, but afterwards wouldn't even allow his wife to bring up the boys of the family as Catholics!

Then the consummated idea. Unless there is some physical impediment, which, of course, would prevent one of the parties from marrying again, but which Father Lynch does not seem to mean or to refer to, why should a marriage be dissolved because it is not consummated? If the parties didn't intend to consummate it, why did they get married in the first place? If they went as far as going through the ceremony, the Church would do better to tell them to consummate the marriage and be done with it instead of dissolving it.

People outside the Church seem confused on the subject of the Church's ideas on divorce and matrimony, and you can hardly blame them when it is so hard for even Catholics to get the justice of these things into their heads. When Christ laid down the law so strongly that people stay married, without any exceptions, it is hard to see how St. Paul could feel justified in adding those mentioned in the article above referred to. Either it would seem that all exceptions should be thrown overboard or one person's misery considered as worth while making an exception for as another. I cannot see the justice of allowing people to live in sin and misery for lack of use of the same authority. If one Apostle, or Pope, as the case might be, can make exceptions for re-marriage, it is hard to see why other Popes cannot; and if they can, then do not. Why does the Pope use this authority in cases that have as legitimate reasons for being dissolved as the Pauline and two exceptions? Wouldn't the Church be better off with no exceptions whatever?

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

R. W.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The series of instructions on The Canon Law of Marriage, which began in the August issue, will enlighten you on these questions. We also recommend "Christian Marriage," by Rev. E. J. Mahoney, D.D., in the Treasury of the Faith Series, published by The Macmillan Company, price 60 cents.

#### THE ROSICRUCIANS

**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

I am a non-Catholic and have been a Freemason from the age of twenty-one, but because I found that Masonry meant that a Brother should, even undeservedly, receive benefits that a non-Mason equally as good could not receive I refused to attend the meetings. I am, therefore, a Mason and yet not a Mason. I took out a dimit and for more than twenty years have never paid dues to the Order.

But when you say, as you did in the August issue of THE SIGN, page 34, that all members of the Rosicrucian Order are Masons I object, for I, like many others, became interested in the Rosicrucians. I have talked with hundreds of Masons and have not found one in 500

who was a Rosicrucian. In fact, as I have been interested because of your recent article, I have asked more than twenty members of the Rosicrucian Order if they were Masons, and almost invariably they say that they are not members, but would like to become Masons. Perhaps in other countries, or in other sections of this country, the Masons and the Rosicrucians may be united, but, as I have traveled all over the United States and have not found this true, I feel that you are mistaken.

Ten years ago I was a student of both Orders. The more I studied the less I desired to remain a member of either Order, yet in neither did I find one word against the Catholic Church. In conclusion I must say that the Rosicrucian Order and the Freemasons are not the same. I have dropped both because I have found no truth in either, yet I must say that they are neither united, nor do they understand one another. In fact, it is those who cannot get into the Masons who are the strongest Rosicrucians.

SAUGUS, MASS.

A. E. STARKEY.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The question of Rosicrucianism is involved in confusion. It is necessary to distinguish between the scattered remnants of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, of which Johann Valentin Andrea (died 1654) is commonly supposed to have been the founder, the degree of the Rose Cross, to which only Master Masons are eligible, and the Modern Society of Rosicrucians, which was founded by Robert Wentworth Little in England and introduced into the United States in 1879. Concerning the latter Arthur Preuss, in his Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies, page 274, says: "It consists mostly, if not wholly, of Masons, and its objects are identical with Masonry." Mackey, a Masonic authority, in his Encyclopedia of Freemasonry, page 666, says practically the same thing of this society. The New International Encyclopedia, vol. vii, page 298, says of Rosicrucianism, without distinguishing the various forms which the society has assumed: "Rosicrucianism stood in some connection with Freemasonry and owed its vogue in the eighteenth century to the passion for secret associations and for pseudo-science." Whatever the connection between Rosicrucianism in its various forms and Freemasonry, the important fact is that the former society is not to be recommended to Catholics. (Of course, as Catholics well know, they are forbidden explicitly by the law of the Church to join the Freemasons and similar societies under penalty of excommunication.) We hope that your experience with both Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry will be a warning to Catholics to avoid both societies as well as all others which are not in harmony with the Catholic Faith.

#### CRITICISING PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

I was very much interested in the article pertaining to the telling of fantastic tales in our parochial schools which appeared in the July issue. Nevertheless I think it a very petty subject to take up the space of such a wonderful magazine as THE SIGN.

I never had the pleasure of attending a school taught by Sisters, but I am trying to give my three children that joy. Why is it that it is always our own Catholic fathers and mothers who criticise our schools? Those tales referred to were never told for a bad purpose and are no different from some which I have heard were told in the public schools. For instance, they tell the story of George Washington and the cherry tree and of so many Indian curses.

These criticisms get under my skin, especially when they come from Catholics. It is usually those few who never give one penny to help our schools who are always ready to pull them apart.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A. J. BROOKS.

# A MYSTIC PLAYTHING

By Enid Dinnis



F. HARRISON.

"Do you want your beads, Daddy?"

Nurse Phillips asked the question in penetrating tones of the standard pitch to be applied to a patient aged enough to be addressed as "Daddy." Moreover, Daddy's wits had been tampered with by the accident as well as by senile decay, and were difficult to get at.

Nurse Phillips was as sharp as a needle, and a kindly little soul, withal. Basil Derringer, lying in the next bed to Daddy's in the surgical ward, was watching her tactics with interest as applied to the patient who had been "knocked silly" as well as otherwise injured by the same traffic Moloch which had laid Basil low with a broken thigh and concussion, which latter was only just beginning to wear off.

Daddy's silliness appeared to be of a more permanent kind. The old man was plainly done for. Nurse Phillips' attempts to rouse him had so far been a failure. Basil liked to watch her kind little brown face and the look of human anxiousness which came into it when dealing with what was generally regarded as that strictly impersonal thing, a "case." Nurse Phillips' were "cases" which at any rate contained something of individual interest and an infinite variety of contents. Basil had somewhere heard his human kind described as 'portmanteaux full of emotions,' and he liked the phrase, disposing as it did of the worn-out theory of the existence of

a human soul. He shared with Nurse Phillips the precious gift of being interested in his kind.

THE visiting lady who distributed bunches of flowers with Scripture texts appended to them to the patients had just reached Daddy's bedside. Nurse held the tiny bunch of lilies-of-the-valley to Daddy's nose. Daddy took a sniff. Then he opened his eyes and fixed them on the string of beads which the visiting lady wore round her neck. The lady had a really beautiful face, but Daddy's eyes remained on the beads. His hands, which had been plucking at the counterpane, began to fumble in a new way, as though he were feeling some invisible thing with his thumb and first finger.

The visiting lady passed on. The poor old man had not been able to read the consoling words on the nosegay. He had only gazed at the blue beads which she had absently put on that afternoon—she always preferred to dress plainly when she went out on her good works—and fumbled with his fingers, as people do when they are "very poorly," as the nurse says. As she turned away Nurse addressed her question to Daddy. "D'you want your beads, Daddy?"

Nurse Phillips had come by a clue and she was hot on the scent. She had not nursed Roman Catholics without learning something about them. Nobody had suspected that the old man was an R. C.

Daddy set his eyes on her face and

made what might have been a sign of assent with his head. He was conscious now, but speech had failed him.

Nurse Phillips, within a twinkling, was over by Derringer's bed.

"May I borrow the rosary beads that I found in your pocket?" she asked him. "I put them in your locker."

"Of course you may," Basil answered. "I told you I had no use for rosary beads. I can't even remember how I came by them. My head's cracked, I suppose."

"You will remember later on," Nurse Phillips said, and possessed herself of a well-worn brown rosary which lay among Mr. Derringer's possessions.

Basil watched her as she placed it in the listless old hands lying on the counterpane of the next bed. They were rough, bony hands, toll-worn hands. The long, lean fingers with the knobby joints closed over the rosary; then slowly the beads began to move. And Daddy's lips moved likewise.

"THERE!" Nurse Phillips cried in triumph. "He is a Catholic. I guessed it by the way he looked at those beads Miss Clifford had got on. I'll ask the priest to speak to him."

Derringer watched it all. They had found those beads on him. That would explain why they had asked him if he were a Catholic. With his eyes on the brown beads in Daddy's hands his memory came back by degrees. There had been a complete

blank as to all that had happened immediately before the accident. Now the gap was filling itself in—thanks to the beads.

HE HAD been listening to a preacher holding forth at a street corner—a ranting hot-gospeller—it was all coming back to him now. The man had been making a vigorous attack on Romanism, and he had held up a rosary, exhibiting it with scorn as “a praying machine” used in a Christian country in the year 1931. “Picked it up myself,” he had declared, proudly, “off the door-step of the church in X Street.” And at that moment there had been an amusing diversion.

“Findings not keepings,” a voice from the crowd had cried out. “If you’d been an honest man you’d have taken it to the sexton to give back to person who had dropped it.”

This had raised a good laugh at the preacher’s expense, which had drowned his explanation that such an action would have been an immoral pandering to superstition, and finally dissolved the meeting. Derringer had chuckled over his discomfiture. Not that he held a brief for superstition—“praying machines” or any other kind of prayers, for matter of that—but he cherished a memory of old Biddy Donovan, who had sold apples and said her prayers on a brown rosary the while when he was a boy spending a holiday in Galway. She had told him stories when she was not telling her beads, and—well, this ranter was not worthy to be a doormat for Biddy to walk on. She had promised to say I don’t know how many brown rosaries for him when he said goodby to her.

He was still thinking of Biddy when he had caught sight of the preacher walking in front of him. The latter was feeling in his coat-tail pocket for his handkerchief to mop his heated brow, and in taking it out something fell on to the pavement. Derringer had stepped forward and picked it up. It was the brown rosary.

Then there had been a very delectable episode. The preacher had turned round and held out his hand for his property, but Basil had faced him with a smile and remarked:

“‘Findings keepings.’ I propose to return this to the Catholic church in X Street.”

The other had given in quietly enough, contenting himself with warning Basil of the moral responsibility he was incurring. As the events came back to Derringer’s mind he found himself hoping that the prophet had not had the satisfaction of witnessing the swift retribution which had overtaken him.

The brown rosary had certainly not brought him luck!

Now it lay between the fingers of the old man dying in the next bed.

Nurse Phillips remained egregiously proud of herself. Daddy had been, in a mild way, a mystery man. There had been no indication as to his identity, and no one appeared to have missed him and made enquiries of the police. There had been no clue of any kind until the little nurse with the bright brown eyes and ready wits had made her discovery.

They introduced the Catholic chaplain to Daddy after that, and the priest appeared to have a way of his own of getting a response out of an inarticulate patient with not much left in the way of a mind. At any rate, Daddy received the last sacraments, after which his mind seemed to resign itself to inaction, and he definitely commenced his journey westward, fortified from the Divine Commissariat.

Basil Derringer followed the little drama from his point of vantage. True he had been upstairs being X-rayed when Daddy received Holy Viaticum, but Nurse Phillips told him all about it. It had been very wonderful. Nurse O’Brien from the Dickenson Ward had seen to the preparations, but Nurse Phillips felt sure that she could do it herself all right another time.

DERRINGER loved to hear Nurse Phillips talk about her patients. Like him, she found the contents of the human portmanteaux so interesting. Not for anything would he have been moved to the private ward which his people considered the correct thing for a man of his position.

It amused him to watch his fellow-beings, although I doubt if he would have been justified in calling them that since his conception of the human make-up excluded the idea of a soul—that is, of a presiding personality which alone can make “being” out of the “was” and “is” and “shall be” of experience playing on the emotions.

Daddy’s portmanteaux would not be a vastly interesting one. It would contain, of course, a superstitious belief in the impossible, called “faith,” modified by such ideas as Daddy’s head was capable of producing on the subject. He had presumably been taught to use a “praying machine”—that fellow on the box had been a bounder, but he was right about superstition. It was the limit, to count beads and reckon them as so many prayers said. Many written prayers justified themselves as contributions to literature, to poetry. But this eliminated the extenuating feature! The same words over and over again.

Whilst Derringer was making his reflections the beads were passing

unceasingly through Daddy’s fingers. Sometimes, but not invariably, his lips moved too. Other times it was only his fingers. Daddy was slipping away very quickly westward. The poetry of the trenches had invented that fantasy. It was an extraordinary thing how the trenches had produced poetic expression from the human portmanteaux. It was hardly what could be called an automatic reaction! Human beings were queer cattle.

DADDY’S weakness seemed rather to increase the activity of his fingers. Derringer’s thigh was giving him considerable pain, and at times watching Daddy fingering his beads got on his nerves. Once, when he was afflicted with the kind of discomfort which is only alleviated by being disagreeable to somebody, he took Nurse Phillips to task.

“You’re not an R. C., are you?” he said. “I call it a shame to have set that poor fellow off on that ridiculous game.”

“What ridiculous game?” said Nurse Phillips. She was a safe person to inflict one’s moods on. She seemed as ready to understand nervous irritability as she was incapable of displaying it.

“Why, look at him,” Derringer said. “He can’t stop, he simply goes on and on.”

It was quite true. There did seem to be no end to the circular course of Daddy’s devotions.

“It makes him happy,” Nurse Phillips said. “You wouldn’t object to a child having a plaything?”

“But it’s a plaything with qualities of the eternal,” Derringer protested. “The old man will go on forever and ever unless one of the links happens to break. Then he might have a chance of coming to an end.”

“It does seem a strange way of saying one’s prayers,” little Nurse Phillips admitted, “but I’m not sure that I ought to have called it a plaything.”

“A mystic plaything,” Derringer suggested. He had worked off his irritable mood, and now he was just teasing little Nurse Phillips, who had quite a large stock of religious emotion packed away in her psychological luggage.

Nurse Phillips sat tightly on the defensive, holding a brief for her patient.

“He isn’t able to speak,” she said, “so as to make himself understood. I don’t see why he shouldn’t use the beads, like a deaf and dumb alphabet.”

Derringer was delighted.

“You give me time to think, Nurse,” he said. “I shall not want to listen to the Children’s Hour on the radio now. But you are being matter-of-fact, not mystic.”



"I don't know much about mystics," Nurse Phillips said, meekly. She made no attempt to keep pace with Mr. Derringer when he was in this vein. He was an intriguing person, but a very great dear.

But, generally speaking, Daddy as a study had a soothing effect on Derringer. His old face wore such a serene expression and the rhythm of the moving beads almost suggested that some charm were attached to

the rotary movement. Daddy's lips had now ceased to take any part in the business of prayer. The hard and horny, claw-like old hands alone were active. According to Nurse, Daddy's mind had likewise dropped out of action.

Basil found a contemplation of Daddy quite a good substitute for the Children's Hour, or even for other forms of broadcasting. Somehow or other Daddy lying there fin-

gering his "plaything"—playing his "eternal" game—offered a challenge to the philosopher in the next bed. He thought of what Nurse had said about a deaf and dumb alphabet. Daddy's mind had gone, but it might be that Daddy's soul was making use of his fingers in default of its normal organ.

The notion presented itself suddenly to Derringer—first as a kind of sarcasm, then as the opening to a



A hot gospeller had been making a vigorous attack on Romanism, and had held up a rosary, exhibiting it with scorn as a "praying machine."

new avenue of thought. Daddy's soul was inviting a parley with Derringer's intellectual make-up. That is to say, with the net result of a succession of mental and physical reactions which constituted the so-called person, Basil Derringer.

THE nameless man in the next bed, in whom life was represented by the act of breathing and a certain mechanical movement of the fingers, was "getting at" Derringer. The rosary lay in a wide circle on the neatly turned-back sheet. Basil could see the big silver crucifix on it—symbol of a final failure of which the Christian Church had made a triumph. The old man upon whose attenuated form it rested represented humanity with the contents of its "portmanteau" shattered and destroyed. Yet the moving fingers which crept round the beaded chain somehow were indicating an impregnable and indestructible Something which was master of the situation. A bond of being which was neither mind nor mood.

Daddy was looking strangely like old Biddy Donovan when she sat saying her beads in the teeth of the nippy harbor wind. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow, I shall fear no evil." Annihilation had never seemed an evil to Derringer until now. The words had formed the text which the visiting lady had given to him along with his nose-gay. He had smiled at the lugubrious selection, but now the words seemed to ring in his ears like joybells that force the soul to gladness.

The fingers went on praying. The beads, big and little, passed slowly, ever so slowly, through them.

*If such a thing as prayer existed, Daddy was still praying.* Basil kept his fascinated eyes on him. He was feeling sleepy, but he had to watch. He had been right. Daddy's rosary was a mystic plaything. And who knew but what he was playing an eternal game?

Then it was that Daddy did something that he had never done before. On reaching the point where the circle meets the short chain of beads his fingers, very feeble now, had strayed along the wrong road. They were feeling their way down the path that led to the crucifix. When they came to the crucifix the movement ceased.

At last Daddy's prayers had come to an end. His finger and thumb held the cross tightly and took their rest.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow"—Words could no longer convey a message to the ears of the man without a name whose "identity" had proclaimed itself victoriously. Neither could words proceed from his lips, nor thoughts

from the intellect, but the toll-worn hands held the symbol of Faith, and there rose, as it were, to the ears of the company of Heaven a great *Credo*, formed of many *Credos*, making Daddy's final Act of Faith.

The game was finished and Daddy was dropping off to sleep already. It was just as well that he had lost his way on the eternal circle. Derringer found himself dropping off too. The new idea had struck him as with physical force. And the vision of the old man who was *not* going westward, but had lain there with the East in his eyes. He opened his eyes drowsily once and fancied that there was a screen between him and Daddy. When he woke up, an hour or two later, Daddy's bed was empty and the beads lay on the top of Derringer's locker, Daddy having no further use for them.

"We thought he was asleep at first," Nurse Phillips told Basil. "He was holding the cross on his rosary tight in his hand, but I don't suppose he had been praying, poor old dear; his mind was quite gone."

"But he still had the use of his fingers," Derringer objected. "How about the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

"But his *mind* was gone," Nurse Phillips repeated. She could not believe that Mr. Derringer was being flippant. He was far too nice.

"But his soul hadn't, and it was using his fingers instead of his brain. Those Hail Marys may have helped me to find mine."

NURSE Phillips was at a loss what to make of him. She came to the conclusion that Mr. Derringer might be what is called a mystic and left it at that.

"However, I'm glad he had that rosary," she said. "I think it was just providential that you had happened to pick it up in the street. And it was strange that Miss Clifford should have been wearing those beads—she never does as a rule. If it hadn't been for that we should never have known that the poor old man was a Catholic and he wouldn't have had the priest and"—she lowered her voice—"that last Holy Communion."

"If I hadn't picked it up," Basil said, "I wouldn't have been here." And then he told her the whole story of what had happened.

"You see the rosary didn't exactly bring me luck," he said, smiling.

"But it brought Daddy luck," little Nurse Phillips said. "I'm sure it was all meant to be."

"I don't grudge Daddy his luck," Derringer said. "In fact, I'm not so sure that the rosary hasn't brought me luck as well."

"But you should not have taken it away from Daddy," he added. "The beads ought to have been buried with him. But I suppose, though,

they are not mine to give away. I ought to return them to the Catholic church in X Street. I can hardly act on the saying, 'findings keepings,' in the circumstances." Nurse Phillips agreed that this would be impossible.

"If you like," she said, "I can return them on my way home. I pass near X Street, and I'm going to have a peep at my people tonight."

She flitted off on her duties, and Derringer remained with the beads in his hands. He felt strangely loath to part with them. The rosary had been the means of enabling him to peep into some very interesting places, this mystic plaything of the old man who was sleeping his long sleep in the mortuary with the crucifix supplied by Nurse O'Brien in his hands.

IN some strange way it had made him extraordinarily, desperately interested in a theory which had not hitherto attracted him—the theory of the existence of the human soul.

He ran the beads gently through his fingers, almost as though they were saying the prayers which his mute soul was unable to frame. His soul was more inarticulate than poor old Daddy's had been—Daddy's had only been physically inarticulate. Basil's newly-found immortal part, feeble and helpless as a new-born babe, prayed—first to the Father in Heaven and then, ten times, to the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate word. Or so it may well have been?

Nurse Phillips duly appeared to fetch the beads on her way out.

"Perhaps they won't be able to find the owner," she said, "and you will get them back after all."

Next morning she appeared, beaming, at Derringer's bedside and produced from her apron pocket—the brown rosary.

"It's yours," she told Basil, proudly. "I took it to the sacristan at the church and he told me it belonged to one of their priests and that if I would wait until after the service I could give it to him myself. So I thought I would, and, oh, the service was *wonderful*. And afterwards I saw the old Father—he was a dear—and I told him your story, and he said that he could not possibly deprive you of the rosary. He said, 'findings were keepings,' and he told me the beads belonged to a very holy old country woman in the west of Ireland and that they were valuable inasmuch as they were saturated with prayer."

"An old woman in the west of Ireland?" Derringer repeated. "I wonder if she lived in Galway—but of course these brown rosaries are quite common."

"You might ask him," Nurse Phillips suggested.

"So I might," Derringer agreed.

# The NATIONAL CENTER of CATHOLIC EDUCATION

By

H. Edward Cain

**I**N THE natural course of national events the City of Washington has become a great national center. Today it is familiar to millions of Americans as a place of patriotic pilgrimage. Each year millions of reverent feet tread the hallways of its imposing shrines. Each year millions of eager tongues carry back to the hinterlands and the crossroads stories of a marvelous scenic show-place, in the midst of which, perhaps somewhat mysteriously, the potions of national policy are brewed. And that is all. The casual tourist can see only upon the surface.

It needs to be stressed that Washington is not merely a political capital. All the converging forces of our national idealism have met and rooted there; and under an influence so exalted and fitting it has become the true center of education. Cultural and scientific interests of all kinds have come to focus there because it is the coradiation point of so many great national enterprises, because it is the headquarters of so many important learned societies, because it is furnished with the most abundant collection of books in our hemisphere, because it is a valuable and well-supported art center, because it is rich in documents and rare manuscripts of incalculable value, because it is a generous well-head of statistical material, because it is the home of the representatives of foreign Governments, whose li-



Reading Room of the Congressional Library

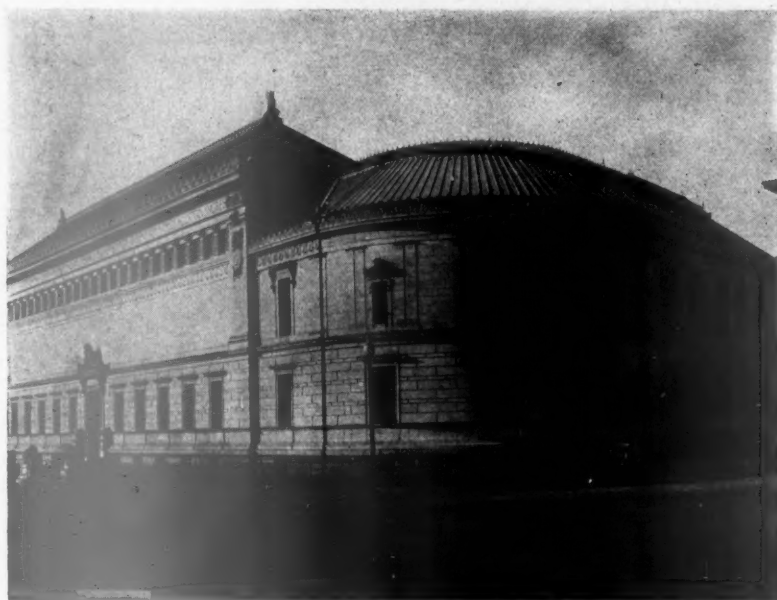
braries are stored with information concerning other countries, which is not available elsewhere in America, because it provides access to all the informational resources of our vast federal government and its many departments, because its natural advantages have attracted thither thousands of trained specialists and investigators, because it is the stronghold of the most important national educational bodies and because it is the seat of more than a dozen institutions claiming the title university, together with an array of other institutions of learning far and away too numerous even to mention in an article of this length.

**F**OREMOST in importance among the educational facilities of the city is the Library of Congress. Thomas Jefferson called it "The Library of the United States." It is, by longstanding tradition and in fact, our national library. It is the largest collection of books in the New World and the third largest in the world. It contains over 4,100,000 books and pamphlets, a collection of manu-

scripts concerning which it would not be feasible to make a numerical statement, 1,160,000 maps and views, more than 1,060,000 volumes and pieces of music and about 500,000 prints. The building in which this vast treasure is housed is a rare piece of beauty and was constructed at a cost of \$8,000,000. The library system is regarded as model and has been imitated extensively. It employs over 600 persons. The services which it has rendered to the learned world must remain unestimated, for their myriad ramifications project farther into the future than they do into the past. To convey anything like an accurate notion of the extensiveness and fertility of the material amassed under the roof of this library and held accessible to the demands of research would require volumes. Some few facts might be significant, however.

**I**TS PROVINCE is principally literature, though in some other fields it stands preëminent—for example, American history, official documents, publications of learned societies,





The Corcoran Art Gallery

maps, charts and music. It occupies a prominent place in the fields of Law, Political, Economic and Social Sciences. It has the largest collection of Russian books outside of Russia and the finest collection of Chinese books outside of China. It has many other important groups of literature, such as the Weber collection of Indica, the Huitfeldt-Kaas collection of Scandinavian literature and the Schiff collection of Hebraica and Judaica. In periodicals the library is very rich. It received during the past year 9,424 current publications, among which were 6,391 different titles. The whole number of periodicals received in its periodical division last year was 139,923 (separate items).

IN THE scientific unit of the library, which is called the Smithsonian Division, there are over half a million volumes. This number is augmented each year by contributions from learned societies and institutions all over the world. It supplements the regular scientific division of the library and, on account of its peculiar resources, offers ample facilities for research. Its fields are chiefly natural science and technology. Last year alone nearly 4,500 dissertations were received from various universities throughout the world. It includes the Langley Aeronautical Library, which contains many priceless items acquired through the Library's close association with the work of such men as Samuel Pierpont Langley, Alexander Graham Bell, Octave Chanute and James Means.

Very important to the student of

American history is the Division of Manuscripts. It contains about 1,000,000 folios of manuscript ranging in date from the day of Columbus to the present. Among them are the signed parchments of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, the papers of all but a few of the Presidents from Washington to Wilson and of many eminent Americans, such as Hamilton, Franklin, Webster, Calhoun, etc., the records of the Continental Congress and a vast accumulation of source material of every description. Though not comparable in value to the great European collections of medieval European or Oriental manuscripts, its collection of such material is vast nevertheless and is gradually growing. Noteworthy is its collection of rotographic reproductions of medieval or early modern manuscripts, which has been made under the direction of the Modern Language Association of America, for the use of students of the vernacular languages of Europe.

The Law Library of Congress contains about 240,000 volumes. Congress very recently raised its appropriation for the purchase of new books to the amount of \$50,000. In addition to many large collections on constitutional law, public and private international law, marriage and divorce, commercial law and many other special collections it has very good collections of Roman and Canon law.

TO THE research student a deep fund of special interest is the Library's Division of Bibliography, which assists on the premises

through specially qualified consultants with persons engaged in special investigations. These consultants serve about the same purpose as graduate professors in a university.

Through purchase, gift and endowment this magnificent monument to American scholarship rises higher and higher each year. Some of its recent acquisitions have been exceptionally valuable. Among these is the famous Vollbehr collection of fifteenth century books, which is valued at over \$3,000,000, exclusive of its matchless gem—the Gutenberg Bible, which was purchased from the Benedictine Monastery at St. Paul in Carinthia at a total cost of over \$300,000.

IN A FEW months there will be opened, across the street from the Library of Congress, the Henry Clay Folger Shakespeare Library. This will be a veritable gold-mine for students of English literature in general and for students of Elizabethan literature in particular. Its seventy thousand volumes will represent as fine a collection in this field as is to be found in America, and in certain fields it will be comparable to the first libraries of England. Though primarily a focal point for Shakespeare studies, its stockage will abound in original issues of other Elizabethan authors. A large number of volumes will contain MS. notes of great interest and value made by editors, authors and eminent men in literature up to our own time. Mention has already been made of founding there an American Academy for English Studies.

In addition to the Library of Congress and the Folger Shakespeare Library there are in Washington about 200 other libraries of varying size and content. Many of these afford opportunities for research not provided by the Library of Congress. Such are the Army Medical Library, the largest medical library in the world; the Library of the Department of Agriculture, with 200,000 volumes; the Library of the Bureau of Railway Economics and the Library of the Labor Department, which contains probably the most extensive and complete collection on labor problems in the world. More than the mention of a few of the most important might be tedious.

In addition there are scores of libraries of a semi-public nature as well as private collections. Such are the libraries of the National Academy of Sciences, with 150,000 scientific books; the Pan-American Union, with about 50,000, and the libraries of the various universities and colleges. This includes the library of the Catholic University of America, with about 300,000 volumes, comprising some very valuable collections,

among which are the Hyvemat Semitic Library of 16,000 and the Ibero-American Library of 40,000 volumes. In all, the libraries of the Nation's Capital give space to more than ten million volumes.

The possession of so much treasure has attracted the eye of the learned world. A surprising number of research groups, many of them of a national character, have made these interesting places their rallying-point. Chief among these is the Smithsonian Institute, the ramifications of which extend into all the fields of knowledge. Among the institutions and projects which it supervises and with which it cooperates are the United States National Museum, the National Gallery of Art, the International Exchange Service (for exchange of publications with foreign countries), the Bureau of American Ethnology, the Astrophysical Observatory and the National Zoological Park. The National Academy of Sciences occupies a splendid building in Washington. Its membership roll is a list of the country's leading scientists. Its task is to undertake important federal research projects. Under its charter the National Research Council was established in 1916. This body, through its "Reprint and Circular Series," makes available to the scientific world the latest fruits of the laboratory. Its chief aim is the promotion of scientific research.

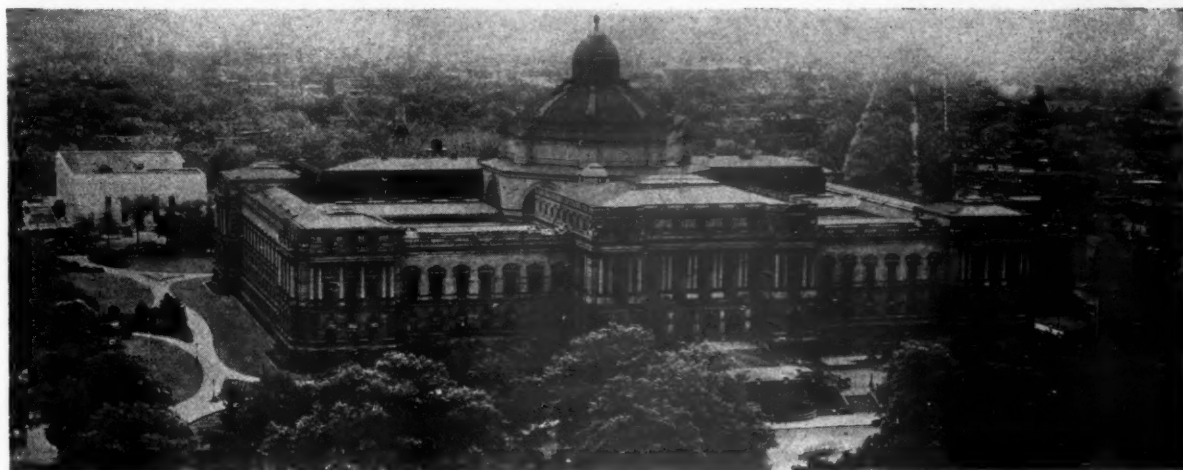
In Washington also is the Bureau of Standards, which represents the most important phase of governmental participation in research investigation, the Carnegie Corporation of Washington, a research organization; the Brookings Institute, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, etc. Among the other hundreds of important national enterprises which center there are the National Chamber of Commerce,

### General Summary of Books and Other Writings Produced at the Catholic University During the Years 1921-1930.

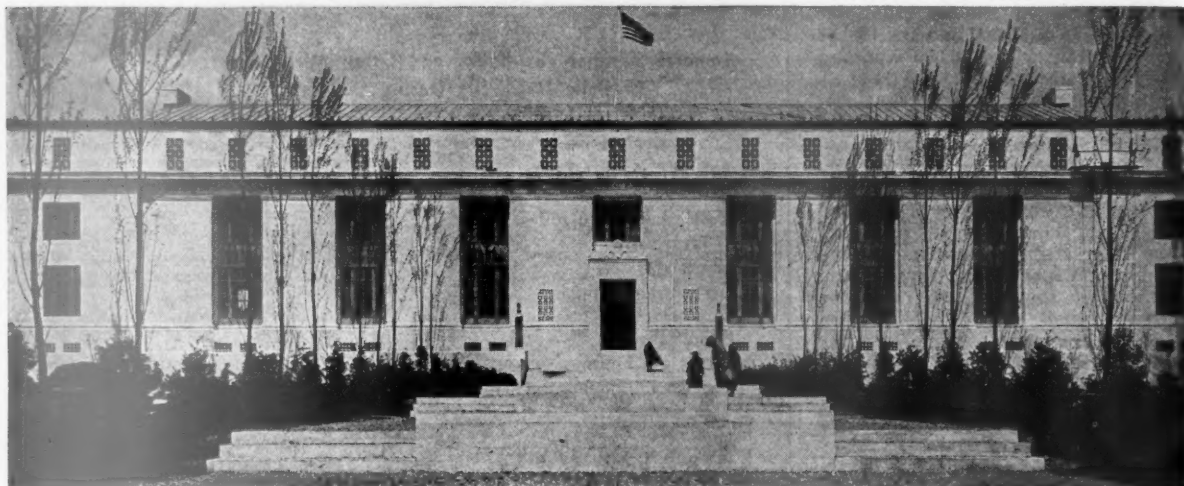
| Department                      | Books      |          | Contributions |          |
|---------------------------------|------------|----------|---------------|----------|
|                                 | Professors | Students | Professors    | Students |
| Art and Architecture            |            | 2        | 22            | 5        |
| Biology                         |            | 6        | 8             | 14       |
| Celtic Language and Literature  | 4          |          | 2             | 1        |
| Chemistry                       |            | 14       | 6             | 26       |
| Civil Engineering               | 4          |          | 5             | 4        |
| Economics                       | 7          | 10       | 9             | 20       |
| Education                       | 7          | 37       | 158           | 238      |
| Electrical Engineering          | 4          |          | 4             | 5        |
| English Language and Literature | 6          | 8        | 25            | 85       |
| Geology                         |            |          |               | 3        |
| German Language and Literature  | 4          | 1        | 119           | 15       |
| Greek and Latin                 | 11         | 30       | 22            | 70       |
| History                         | 10         | 24       | 271           | 73       |
| Mathematics                     |            | 8        | 3             | 29       |
| Mechanical Engineering          |            |          | 8             | 12       |
| Philosophy                      | 17         | 13       | 225           | 81       |
| Physics                         | 2          | 1        | 6             | 15       |
| Psychology                      | 4          | 8        | 44            |          |
| Religion                        | 6          |          | 49            |          |
| Romance Languages               | 4          | 4        | 10            | 16       |
| Semitic and Egyptian            |            |          | 9             | 3        |
| Sociology                       | 17         | 17       | 200           | 87       |
| Canon Law                       | 2          | 68       | 99            | 83       |
| Law                             | 4          | 2        | 42            | 7        |
| Sacred Theology                 | 40         | 30       | 272           | 58       |
|                                 | 153        | 283      | 1618          | 950      |
| Grand Total                     |            |          |               | 3004     |

the Red Cross and the American Peace Society, the National Geographic Society, the American Patent Law Association, the American Federation of Labor, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the

American Federation of Arts, the League of American Pen Women, business and trade bodies, religious and humane societies, scientific, social, political, fraternal and economic bodies.



Exterior View of the Library of Congress



The Arts and Science Building

Washington furnishes a great part of our national statistical data. To quote a recent publication of the Washington Chamber of Commerce:

"Washington leads in the production of statistical and fact information. It keeps the record of population growth and mortality; it supplies the statistics for commerce, industry and finance; it collects the statistics of agricultural production; keeps weather records; registers our ships and files the fingerprints of our criminals. According to a recent computation, probably incomplete, Washington has more than sixty statistical agencies which compile and maintain over six hundred types, varieties and kinds of statistical information."

Washington is also rich in mu-

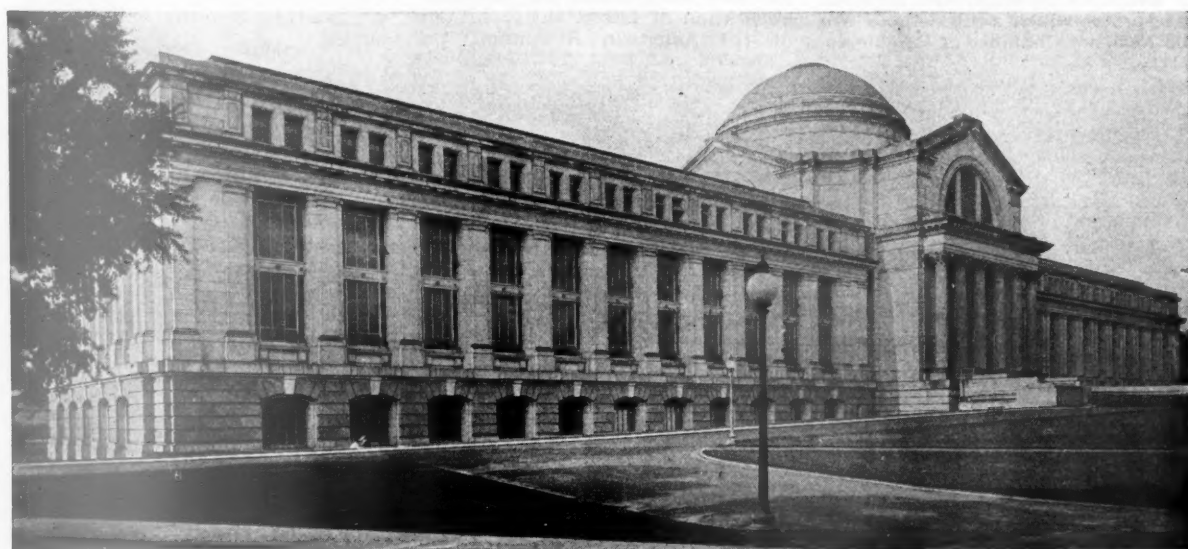
seums and art galleries. The National Museum is the country's greatest. The Army Medical Museum, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Freer Art Gallery and the museums of Catholic University and Georgetown University are also of great interest to the scholar.

Thus briefly, in scant and shadowy outline, looms the figure of our national educational center. But Washington is also our national Catholic educational center, for in the midst of all this abundance of opportunity it was the wisdom of the Holy See to place the Catholic University of America.

As the lives of universities are reckoned, the Catholic University is yet in its infancy. Nevertheless it has already succeeded in diffusing

its influence through every sphere of Catholic life. It is a member of the American Association of Universities. Up to the present time its contributions to the learned world have been important and varied and at the same time worthy of the university tradition of which they are the careful product. The accompanying table may serve to convey some idea of the extent and amount of research which has been conducted at the university during the last decade. It is a summary of the books and other writings (chiefly contributions to scientific periodicals) which the professors and students of the several university departments have produced during the years 1921-1930:

It may be that Catholics who view this table will incline to complacency.



The Famous Smithsonian Institute



They must not. The Catholic University has accomplished so much largely because it stands at the very fountain-head of American academic life. It is purposed in presenting these statistics to show that the Catholic University, because it is located in the national educational center, has proved worthy of the ideal which it represents and to suggest to Catholic Americans what enormous opportunities lie along its pathway through the future. But the university is competing under serious handicaps, and these are preventing it from exploiting the rich mines of resources which lie at its very portals.

What has been done has been done by a limited number of departments. The university has neither the men nor the money to widen its scope or to add new departments. It has no department for Russian or Chinese or Slavic. Yet in the Congressional Library are scores of investigators

sent thither by non-Catholic institutions to work in these very fields in which our national library is so rich. The same situation exists with regard to other departments which are even more important—e. g., geography, Spanish, American Relations, Political Science, Archaeology, Zoology and Anthropology. The Catholic University can only look on while other universities are forging ahead.

To say that the present endowment of the Catholic University is inadequate is to put the matter mildly. Thoughtful men and women who ponder the comparable table which appears opposite will become apprehensive for the future of Catholic education in America. The endowment per student at Catholic University is \$2,342; at Clark University, \$16,666, and at Yale, \$16,464. There is danger of retrogression.

How to account for this condition?

Catholic America is not awake to the reality of the Catholic Univer-

sity of America. The present writer has met scores of Catholics who live in Washington and who believe that the Catholic University is a theological seminary. What must the concept be in the rural sections of the South and the Far West! If the Catholic University is to take first rank among American institutions of higher learning, or even if it is to continue to enjoy its present position of high esteem, Catholic America must become alive to its possibilities as well as its needs.

It is a commonplace of historical allusion that it was the Catholic Church that caught the hand of knowledge and led her up through the Dark Ages. This was a heroism for which the world must be eternally grateful. And the Church must serve the world today as she did yesterday. Here in America, where her resources are legion and her weapons Titanesque, she must carry her noble tradition into the future.

# UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

By Selden Peabody Delany

and SAINT

A MODERN Saint! What would he be like? Supposing there were a saint among our friends, would we recognize him as such? If so—what would distinguish his life from the lives of other respectable people of our acquaintance? Would he spend most of his time in prayer and vigil? Would his sanctity unfit him for the practical work of daily life? Would it make him unsociable and unpopular?

Some such questions ran through my mind as I read that the Holy Father, on Feb. 8, 1931, had ordered the reading of the Decree proclaiming the heroic virtue of the Servant of God, Contardo Ferrini, Professor of Roman Law in the University of Pavia. This is the first step in the process of canonization. It was humiliating to know that a University Professor of whom one had never heard was to be canonized as a Saint. Indeed he was almost a contemporary. If he were still alive, he would be seventy-two. The present Pope knew him well. My memory ran back to many of the University Professors under whom I had sat in my youth—genial lovable personalities, many of them; good men, most of them. But could one say that they were "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith"?

On the face of it, we must admit that it was a marvel of grace that a University Professor, born in 1859, and holding professorial positions in Italy during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, should have become a Saint. That was an era in Italian history when it was rare for an intellectual to be even a professing Catholic, let alone a Saint. It is hard for us today to realize the contempt in which men were then held who, even though they were eminent and law-abiding citizens, dared to profess openly their adherence to the authority of the Roman Pontiff. In public meetings and political journals they were jeered at as clericals, crows, obscurantists, enemies of the country, fossils in a museum. In an age which had tried to eliminate the ideas of the Infinite and the Eternal, such men were merely tolerated on the outskirts of cultivated society.

IN THE State schools, from which I had been banished the image and the doctrine of the Crucified Christ, teaching positions were denied to men like Julius Salvadori or Father Semeria, but were filled by apostates who had trampled on their sacred vows, such as Ardigo, Trezza, Bonavino (who later returned to the

Church) and hundreds of others, both in the universities and the secondary schools.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the prevailing tendency in university circles in Italy was to take up with avidity the latest theories of scientists and philosophers, and to throw over the accumulated results of thought and experience, on the principle that the newest theory must be the most true. The lecture halls were hospitable to all the latest schools of thought, which rose and fell like the waves of the sea—eclectic spiritualism, multi-form positivism, neo-Kantian subjectivism, and the grossest materialism.

Sociology was in fashion. There was a contempt for all philosophical doctrine; and the idea that there could be any mutual relations between Science and Religion was scouted as absurd. All the traditions of Christian knowledge had been jettisoned, as well as the notion that there could be any certainty in scientific truth resulting from a correspondence between the idea of the thinking subject and objects of the external world. The prevailing attitude was one of scepticism toward both Science and Faith. The supernatural order, grace, the participa-

tion in the Divine life, were for those who were reputed to be learned terms devoid of meaning, "the buzzings of a bee in an empty bee-hive."

Not all professors made open declarations of atheism. Not a few respected the religious convictions of their hearers, and by an honorable devotion to science opened new vistas of truth to their young minds. There were even a few brave Catholic teachers who commanded respect by the definiteness of their teachings and the splendid dignity of their lives, such men as Joseph Toniolo, Olivi, Acri, Allievo, Fedeli, and Simoncelli. But free-thinking professors were everywhere undermining the faith of the young: Lignama and Laboriola at Rome, Cesare Lombroso at Torino, and Ferri at Pisa. These men were sowing the wind, and those to come would reap the whirlwind.

THE determining influence in the youth of Contardo Ferrini was the holy life of his father, who held the chair of Physics and Technology in the Polytechnic Institute of Milan. He inherited his father's affectionate nature and fidelity to Catholic principles. As a boy he always accompanied his father to Mass, and soon caught the fervor of devotion, which he retained throughout his life. A modern Italian writer has said, "The love of a father is the purest love, the only real love, essentially free from all admixture of extraneous elements; the father knows the joy of self-sacrifice for the happiness of another."

The boy prepared for college at a Lyceum in Milan, where he was distinguished for his absorbing love of study and his prodigious memory. So great was his ability to master abstract conceptions that he was nick-named "Aristotle" by his school fellows. He cared little for mathematics, but was devoted to the classical and modern languages.

From his twelfth year, when he made his first Communion, he began to manifest a heroic virtue, which never slackened up to the day of his death. At that moment in his boyhood he dedicated his life to God, with a firm resolve never to commit deliberate sin. That sane, clear-headed resolution was apparently never broken.

While his companions were at recreation, Contardo was learning to master the Scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek, in the Ambrosian Library, under the tutelage of Mgr. Ceriani, another of whose pupils was Achille Ratti, who was later to become Pope Pius XI. In this way he became proficient in Hebrew, Greek and Syriac, and learned the rudiments of Sanscrit and Coptic.

After this serious preparation, he

began his university life, under the juridical faculty in the Athenaeum of Pavia. He obtained simple and inexpensive lodgings in the Collegio Borromeo. This was the time of crucial trial in his development, when he maintained a daily struggle for the virtue of purity, and offered his whole being as a holocaust to the Lord. In spite of constant derision from his companions, he kept up his life of prayer and meditation, and learned to control his inmost thoughts and affections. In this conflict he gained a permanent victory.

We learn from the pages of the process of his canonization that the testimony of his having possessed the heroic virtue of purity was unanimous. In the words of one of his biographers, Corsanego: "Men and women, priests and scientists, kinsfolk and friends, Catholics and unbelievers—all, with one accord, having examined that life from the cradle to the grave, render homage to its crystalline, heroic, angelic purity." Monsignor Ratti testified that the face of Ferrini "left in his mind the impression of a quality supremely delicate, a truly virginal virtue, which sprang from the depths of his personality."

The severity of his spiritual combat may be surmised from the fact that he wore a cincture that made him bleed, and went daily to confession. We find this aspiration in his journal: "Lord, sooner would I encounter misfortune than guilt; I would suffer a life of sorrow, rather than enjoy one hour of unseemly mirth." Many mothers sought to interest him in their daughters, but he never married. In the summer of 1881, with the permission of his confessor, this brilliant young man of twenty-two joined his soul in indissoluble union with the Heavenly Bridegroom, the fountain of all purity, and henceforth in his spiritual writings called Him the Spouse of his soul.

THE passionate intensity of the Italian temperament may account for it, or the warmth of Ferrini's devotion to Christ; but it would be difficult to imagine a young American of today writing the following impassioned apostrophe to modesty:

"O holy blushes that empurple the adolescent cheeks of the servant of Christ! You are the true purple of His Kingship; you are the trophies of His victory over the world and nature, the sign that He dwells in the hearts of His elect. I bless that instant when I have blushed before an indecent word, when I have trembled before a thought that is foul! I bless those moments, because I shall find them again in eternity, when the Lord shall recall them to my mind!

Such qualms to the world appear ridiculous and narrow, when they are really the commands of God! To the world they are signs that one is lacking in spirit, when they are the most decisive affirmation of the dignity of man!"

IN 1880 Ferrini received his doctor's degree at Pavia. His thesis, written in Latin, traced the relations between the poetry of Homer and Hesiod and the history of penal laws. Its publication was ordered by the university. Having chosen Roman Law as the subject of his life study, he obtained a scholarship at the University of Berlin, because Germany at that time, under the leadership of Savigny, Pernice, and Zacharia Von Lingenthal, was preëminent in Roman studies.

He realized the danger of taking up his abode in a Protestant environment, and asked for a commendatory letter to Mrg. Förster, the Bishop of Breslau. Later on this Bishop wrote to the Bishop of Pavia, praising the young man's zeal in the practice of his religion, his high talent, and exemplary life; and congratulated Italy on possessing a scholar of his character. Throughout his course in Berlin, he adhered firmly to his carefully considered program of strenuous study and fervent piety. Day by day in his interior life he climbed toward perfection.

We cannot help asking the question, Why did he not become a priest? The testimony of his friend Vittorio Mapelli supplies the answer: "Alluding one day to the sacerdotal state, he said that to become a priest one's hands must be holy and pure, meaning that he did not deem himself worthy." It was evidently God's will that Ferrini remain a layman and prove to his contemporaries and future generations that it was possible to live in the world according not only to the precepts but the counsels of the Gospel.

He was encouraged by his professors at Berlin to undertake the critical edition and translation into Latin of the Greek Paraphrase of the Institutes of Justinian, attributed to Theophilus. In preparing this work he had to compare the principal codices in Copenhagen, Paris, Rome, Florence, and Turin. This meant much fatiguing labor.

So widely recognized became the authority of Ferrini in his special subject that in October, 1883, the graduate faculty of Pavia founded a new professorship, that of Exegesis of the Sources of the Roman Law, and invited Ferrini—then only twenty-four—to occupy the chair. Three years later he was transferred as Professor to Messina, and in the year 1890 became Professor at Mo-



dena. Finally in 1894 he returned to his position at Pavia, which he held until his death in 1902.

There was an intimate connection between the subject of his life-study and his spiritual life. He saw in the developments of human history the designs of Providence. "In all human events, from the highest to the ordinary acts of men and nations, he saw and adored the hand of God. Who overrules them for supernatural ends, and the mind of God—His Word—as the primary source of moral good in every act, even legislative acts." (Corsanago.)

THUS at the age of twenty-four Contardo Ferrini settled down to his God-given task and pursued it to the end. The tree of his life was already full-grown and bearing fruit. It needed no pruning or digging as did the barren fig-tree that cumbered the ground and would have been cut down but for the patient pleading of the gardener. That is one of the most impressive things in the life of this Saint. As a youth he arrived at a clear conception of God's will for him, and never swerved a hair's breadth from his determined course. It takes many years for some of us to learn to adapt ourselves to God's designs.

He was only forty-three years old when he died. How shall we estimate the results of his life? He was highly respected by those who attended his lectures, and many young men became his ardent disciples. He gained the esteem of all his colleagues, and the warm affection of many. He exposed the fallacies of the superficial but noisy school of positivist criminal psychologists. He produced 214 treatises on legal and historical topics, and was engaged on three important works at the time of his death. Who can measure the effects of his austere, solitary life of asceticism and devotion, for his fasting, daily confession and communion, contemplation and intercessions, his chivalrous love for Our Lady? It is quite conceivable that the real fruits of his heroic life of prayer and vicarious sacrifice are to be found in the transformation of the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere that has taken place since his death, especially in the extensive Catholic revival that has been so evident in Italy since the War.

His favorite recreation was walking, and in his vacations he indulged in mountain climbing in the Alps. It refreshed his mind and renewed his vigor to ascend far above the world of men, and contemplate the snowy mountain peaks, abiding symbols of the omnipotence and immensity of God. This walking was done in company with his most congenial friends.

While his contemporaries admired his immense learning, and honored him as the leading authority of the day on Roman Law, his intimate friends were few and all men of like tastes and habits with himself. At the Lyceum in Milan, Rinaldo Ferrario was strongly drawn to Contardo and often shielded the sensitive youth from the vulgar freedom of his schoolfellows. At Pavia, he formed a deep attachment for Ettore Cappa, based on their common devotion to the Church.

When Cappa returned to Turin, Ferrini remarked, "Pavia without Cappa seems like a soup without salt." The brothers Paolo and Vittorio Mapelli were also intimate with him at Pavia. In Berlin, he found a powerful ally against the rationalistic attack on the Christian religion, which was then the order of the day, in Prof. Maximilian Westermarck. At Messina, he had many delightful chats on winter evenings in the hospitable home of Prof. Gian Antonio Maggi.

Perhaps no other friend was able to penetrate so deeply into the mystical soul of Ferrini as Prof. Luigi Olivi, who from 1889 held the chair of International Law at Modena, and was the companion and confidant whom Ferrini sought out in his leisure hours. Every Sunday afternoon they took long walks together and

opened their hearts to each other. Years afterward Olivi told of a conversation they had on one of their walks in 1894. They were talking of Cardinal Sarto of Venice—ten years before he became Pope Pius X—and of the possibility that he might be the next Pope. Olivi expressed his doubts, but Ferrini made this prophetic declaration:

"Ah! but you cannot foresee—you cannot know! We have now a Pope (Leo XIII) who with his profound knowledge, his sure intuition, his consummate skill, has from every aspect immensely exalted the reputation of the Church in the eyes of the world, and has succeeded in destroying the absurd prejudice that she was the enemy of science and progress. On the death of Leo XIII the Church may have need of a supreme head who will lead her back more noticeably to the exemplary virtue of the Apostolic age—to goodness, charity, poverty of spirit, meekness; she may have need of guidance from a leader who appeals more to the poor and humble, so as to extend her influence more widely among the masses of the people. In that case the choice of Sarto might appear most opportune, inasmuch as the fame of his virtue has spread everywhere."

Of his mystical life, as shown in his religious practices and his spiritual writings, it is not possible to speak in an article of this length. Let it suffice to say that he attained to a mystical union with God. Every day, as he received Holy Communion, he seemed as one caught up into Heaven. He never omitted his daily meditation on the truths of the Faith. For his spiritual reading he became thoroughly familiar with the books of Scripture in their original texts, and frequently used *The Imitation of Christ*.

IN THE discourse delivered by the Pope on the day that Ferrini was declared *Venerable*, the Holy Father testified to the joy that was a constant note in his character. The picture he draws of this Servant of God brings him clearly before us:

"He was not heavy, but solid in build and well-poised; his step quick but firm, the step of a practiced and precise walker; his writing was always lucid and well-informed, his speech easy and effective. In his face there was a perennial joviality, which never left him up to the end of his life; but, above all, there shone in his countenance a glow of purity and agreeable youthfulness. In his expression were all the joys of real goodness, springing from the depths of his soul; and in his eyes, and on his vast forehead, were manifested the flash and splendors of an intelligence truly sovereign."

## Tree of Life

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D

STILL Christ is hanging on the Cross:

They that denied and laughed  
and sneered,

Victors a while, now know their loss

To see not God through shame appeared.

Thrones have been raised on legs of  
gold;

Now thrones and gold are but as  
dross.

Gone are the kings, their names untold,  
Still Christ is hanging on the Cross.

Still Christ is hanging on the Cross:

The proud ones seek to pull Him  
down.

Their heads in arrogance they toss—  
A king with such a burlesque crown!

But mayhap there are other spheres,

Where worldly victory is loss,

Where glory, not the shame appears,  
Of Christ still hanging on the Cross.



# A STORY OF WISDOM

AN EXPERIMENT IN PARAPHRASE

By Edwin Essex, O. P.

I CALLED her name,  
From God she came,  
I willed her at my mortal birth:  
Wisdom is she  
Who came to me,  
But who shall understand her worth?

I know that her  
I did prefer  
Before all kingdoms and all thrones,  
Neither did I  
Esteem so high  
Riches or countless precious stones.

Silver and gold,  
All treasures old  
Compared to her are small as sand.  
She at pleasure  
Pours out treasure  
Innumerable through her hand.

I loved, and love  
Her now above  
Health and beauty and wealth withal;  
Good things I sought  
She with her brought,  
Who was the mother of them all.

I chose, instead  
Of light, to wed  
Her presence darkness never mars;  
Nor can black doubt  
Her light put out  
That rules the order of the stars.

Being compared  
With light, she fared  
Before it and outshone the sun.  
Light unto dark  
Must yield its spark  
But she her radiance to none.

She, the brightness  
Of all rightness,  
Being one, she can do all things.  
Ever sweetly,  
She discreetly  
Maketh the friends of God and kings.

Changing never,  
Once for ever  
Remaining in herself the same,  
She makes anew  
All good things true  
And brings to holy ones her name.

I will not hide  
Through guile or pride  
But hasten to communicate  
Her bounty which  
Doth now enrich  
My low but not unwise estate.

FOR God did give  
Me as I live  
To speak of wisdom as I would  
Nor is He loth  
To guide us both,  
Director of the wise and good.

As I received,  
So I conceived  
Thoughts worthy of what wisdom taught;  
Within His hand  
We jointly stand  
And He my skill of truth has wrought.

Wisdom is mine  
That can divine  
All hidden things and unforeseen:  
She scans the prime  
And end of time  
And measures all that lies between.

My wisdom knows  
How to dispose  
The varied courses of the skies.  
The seasons change  
Within her range  
Who knows what virtue in them lies.

No elements  
With their contents,  
No high diversities of race  
Can we elude  
The plenitude  
Of her all vivifying grace.

She knoweth then  
The thought of men,  
Where their subtle reason reaches;  
With quick conceit  
She, spirit sweet,  
Every wise solution teaches.

Therefore I take  
Her and will make  
Her henceforth with me to abide,  
Knowing that she  
Will comfort me  
In grief and cares, and be my bride.

And all my days  
I shall have praise  
Under the banner of her name:  
Because of her  
Men shall confer  
Upon me an immortal fame.

Now her I crown  
With faint renown  
Who led me all the ways I trod.  
Where dwelleth she,  
This One in Three?—  
She sitteth by the throne of God.

# HIKING *with*

By  
Kate Stevens

# SHAKESPEARE

SCENE: Somewhere in the country.  
CHARACTERS: Two hikers.

## PROLOGUE:

GENTLES, perchance you wonder at this show,  
But wonder on till truth make all things plain.  
This man's a hiker, I would have you know.  
This beauteous maid's a hiker, too, certain.

HE: Give me your hand. Come you from good old London?

SHE: I do, my friend—from Bow, to be precise.

HE: You're as pretty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Belgravia.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to bear with us.

SHE: Alas, what danger will it be for us,  
Young as we are, to travel forth so far!

HE: Infirm of purpose! These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways.

SHE: Well, whither shall we go?

HE: To seek adventure in the forest of Epping.

SHE: A truant disposition, good my lord!  
How should I a rambler know  
From another one?

HE: By his battered hat and stick,  
And his tramping shoon!  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.  
A true rambler I! Away now! Let's begone!

SHE: I will be brief. My mother thinks me mad.  
Mad she calls it, for to define true madness  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

HE: Come hither! Come hither!  
Here shall we see  
No enemy  
But wind and wintry weather.

SHE: Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

HE: My necessities are embarked.

SHE: Were it not better  
That I did suit me all points like a man?

HE: No! They in Clubs of the best rank and station  
Are most select.

Give me that girl  
That is not fashion's slave, and I will wear her  
in my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts.  
Now all the youth of England are on fire  
And silken finery in the wardrobe lies!

SHE: The pack thou hast, and its adoption tried.  
Grapple it to thy back with hoops of steel.  
(She helps him to adjust his rucksack)

HE: Art ready then? Now go we in content  
To liberty and not to banishment!

(He sings)

It was a hiker and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the countryside did pass,  
In the springtime, the lovely English springtime,  
When birds do sing, hey, ding a ding, ding;  
All ramblers love the spring.

SHE: Let us not walk in the sun.

HE: Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed.

(They sit)

SHE: Fetch me that flower, the herb I showed thee once.

HE: There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.  
There's pansies, that's for thoughts.

SHE: And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stories, and good in everything.  
I would not change it.

HE: I like this place  
And willingly would waste my time in it.

SHE: Alack! I feel a stinging. And another!

HE: And I! They're all around us. Wretched things!  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand.  
And yet the midges, that suck up thy venom,  
Do much annoyance to the hikers' legs,  
Which with respectful steps do trample thee;  
And stinging nettles are our enemies.

SHE (rubbing her hand): I'm much condemned to have  
an itching palm.

HE (snatching fly from his nose): This was the most  
unkindest bite of all!

SHE (observing bite on arm): Oh, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen,  
See what I see.

HE: Out, damned spot!

SHE (rising): Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep.

HE: I die for food.

SHE: My need is chiefly for a cup of tea.

HE: I am all as hungry as the sea.  
And can digest as much.

SHE: From the East to Tennessee  
No drink like a cup of tea.  
It's worth is more than L. s. d.  
The wonder-working cup of tea.  
All the pictures fair to see  
Pale before a cup of tea.  
Drop your wines into the sea,  
But leave, oh, leave my cup of tea!

HE (*producing stove*): Let's try the stove, the one I brought with me.

SHE: Doubtless you'll make a fire,  
Doubtless the flame will move,  
Doubtless there'll be a fire,  
But never in *that* stove!

HE: Be patient yet.

SHE: I will when you are humble.

HE: Madam, you have bereft me of all words.  
I am not altogether an ass.

(*Still struggling with stove*)

Oh, for a tongue of fire that would ascend  
And brighten up this poor invention.

SHE: I prithee lead the way without more talking  
And find a place where we can get a meal.

HE (*putting away stove*):

Who doth ambition shun  
Gives up what can't be done,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets.  
Here is an inn, with garden looking West.

SHE: You that choose not by the view  
Chance as fair and choose as true.

HE: Under the greenwood tree  
Are tables spread for tea.  
Come, sit you down. (*They sit.*) And now, what shall we have?

SHE: I care not what it is so it be wholesome food.

HE: What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

SHE: Rich foods wax poor when livers prove unkind.

HE: Will't please you, dear one, taste of these conserves?  
Here's watercress as well; chew upon this.  
'Tis passing good.  
I pray you, let me have it.

SHE: Forbear and eat no more.

HE: Why, I have eat none yet.

SHE: As thou'rt a man, give me the pot.  
Let go. By heaven, I'll have it. (*Snatches teapot.*)

HE: Take you me for a sponge, my girl?  
Let's do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

(*They continue the meal.*)

SHE: Art satisfied?

HE: Ay, truly.

Travelers must be content.

SHE: Remove the crumbs. Leave not a trace behind.  
What sum owe we—or you?

HE (*rising*): I'll ask the woman.

(*returning*) She says—a shilling only.

SHE: What? No more?

Pay her two shillings and deface the bond.  
I'm sure the tea we've had was worth all that.  
We must encourage folk of this description.

(*He settles the bill.*)

This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this  
England,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise.

HE (*returning*): My dear, that cap of yours becomes  
you not.

Off with the bauble. Let me have it here.

(*She hands him her cap, which he places in his rucksack*)

Would I had always gone without a hat.

SHE: Why? Would that have mended your hair?

HE: Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SHE: Yet it becomes you well enough, I wot.

HE: Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff.

SHE (*suddenly noticing the sky*): Do you see yonder cloud that's almost the shape of a camel?

HE: And 'tis like a camel indeed.

(*He rises and leads the way.*)

HE (*singing*):

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Hey ho, sing hey ho, unto the green holly.  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
Then hey ho, the holly.  
This life is most jolly.

SHE: He goes before me and still dares me on.  
(*It begins to rain.*)

HE: How now, my love, why is your cheek so pale?

SHE: Mislike me not for my complexion.

HE: Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood,  
And to speak truth I have forgot our way.

SHE: Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
Shall we ever London see?  
Lord, what fools we hikers be!

(*The rain becomes heavier*)

HE: There is, sure, another flood toward.

SHE (*looking at the sky*): Enough! Enough!

HE: You may as well go stand upon the beach  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven!

SHE: Some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country.

(*She catches her foot*)

Alack!

HE: What now, my love?

SHE: My foot is out of joint. Oh, curséd spite.  
Just see what you can do to put it right.

HE (*examining her ankle*): It's just a little jerky. 'Tis not strained.

Now let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

SHE: Oh, Jupiter, how weary are my spirits.  
I pray you bear with me, I cannot go no further.

HE: I had rather bear with you than bear you.

SHE: Never so weary, never so in woe,  
All dragged with the rain and torn with briers,  
I can no further crawl, no further go.  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

(*She stumbles into a rut*)

HE: Is this a stagger I see before me?

(*He assists her to rise*)

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To its full height. There, there, that's better.  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull, cold marble, say I caught thee.  
Say Charlie, who had trod the ways so miry  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of horror,  
Found thee a way, out of this rut, to rise in.



SHE (*noticing his muddy clothes*):

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

HE: My suit is desperate.

SHE: A thing of shreds and patches.

HE: Oh, speak to me no more.

Thou turnst my eyes unto my very sole,  
And there I see such black and grained spots  
As will not leave their tinct.

(*noticing her draggled state*)

Too much of water hast thou, poor companion.

SHE: How's the day?

HE: On the sixth hour.

SHE: At which time, my friend,  
You said our tramp should cease.

(*with a despairing gesture*)

Fords, Rovers, Chevrolets, lend us your cars!  
The tramping that men do shows afterwards.  
The miles are manifested in their bones.

HE: You're talking past all reason.

SHE: Bear with me.

My heart is in my boots, as you can see, sir.

And I must pause till it come back to me.

HE: A train, a train, my kingdom for a train!

SHE: Why, friend of mine, our hopes are answered,  
For I can see a station. Look you! There!

HE: It is indeed! Now everything is well.  
All places that this blessed railway visits  
Are to a tired man ports and happy havens.

(*He sings*)

Oh, mistress mine, there's no more roaming,  
For soon you'll see a train is coming  
That will take us back to Bow.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting.

That's a fact, I'll have you know.

We can rub our bruises after,  
For the nonce let there be laughter;  
Hikers we—that's very sure.

We can catch the seven-twenty.

If we miss that, there are plenty.

Hiking—may it long endure!

(*They make for the station.*)

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

**MODERN SCIENCE AND THE TRUTHS BEYOND.** By Abbé Th. Moreux. Brown & Nolan, Dublin. Price 5/.

This book is a popular outline of philosophy in relation to the scientific problems of the day. The author is well prepared to write not only as a Catholic philosopher, but also as a distinguished man of science, for he is Director of the Bourges Observatory. In this volume, which is translated from the French by an Irish Professor of Philosophy, Abbé Moreux treats of the broad and general problems of philosophy in a lucid manner, suited to the capacity of the intelligent lay mind. Beginning with a definition of philosophy, he discusses with clarity the problem of life, sensitive and rational, the first principles of reasoning and the laws of thought, free will, space and time, creation and evolution, the moral law, and the immortality of the soul. The book is to be recommended to those desirous of knowing, at least in outline, the principles of that perennial philosophy which forms the basis of true Catholic thought, and furnishes one with just norms for judging the worth of what moderns love to call "science." Unfortunately, the book lacks an index, a lack that is supplied to some extent by a detailed table of contents.

**THE TRUTHS OF ETERNITY.** By Rev. Joseph Pergmajer, S. J. Translated from the Italian. Brown & Nolan, Dublin. Pages 253. Price 5/.

These meditations were found among the manuscripts left by the saintly author at his death. He had

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

a great reputation for sanctity, and was especially devoted to the greater spiritual progress of souls, both in religion and in the world. They are written according to the well known method of St. Ignatius, and there are three meditations for each day. The reviewer agrees with the translator, who says that Father Pergmajer "appeals with earnestness to the best feelings of the human heart and furnishes strong motives to enable the Christian to triumph over sin." Those who make closed retreats will find matter in this book to assist them to spend the time in a fruitful manner.

**SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA**, by Alice Curtayne. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

That terrific period of history when the integrity of Christendom, that greatest of all unions ever achieved by men, was breaking up into the chaos that preluded the modern world, witnessed the appearance of a number of women whose personal genius, spiritual fervor and the influence they exerted upon the course of human events entitles them to a place among the greatest figures of the world.

St. Joan, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena are names that may well be placed beside those of a Francis, a Thomas Aulnas, an Ignatius in the

effects they have had in the moulding of history and the shaping of the tradition of the West by which we all live.

St. Catherine of Siena, by Alice Curtayne, is the story of one of them, a most successfully told story, and one which must make an appeal positively thrilling to all who, not only are interested in the greatest episode in history, the founding and development of the Church, but whose hearts warm to the recountal of great and heroic deeds.

This is the fourth edition of this remarkable book, which now appears without the appendices that supplemented the former impressions with an account of the controversies that have raged round St. Catherine's life, but for the average reader it is none the worse for that, especially as the omission enables it to be put on the market at a popular price.

**THE JACOBINS, AN ESSAY IN THE NEW HISTORY.** By Clarence Crane Brinton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

It has been frequently pointed out that the latest advances in physical science have had a strong tendency to throw into confusion the materialistic conclusions of the nineteenth century and lead us back by a rather devious road to the orthodox beliefs of our forefathers. No one, we think, who has made anything like an adequate survey of this realm of thought can doubt that every day this is growing more evident, and that the road is becoming less devious. What has been less apparent, however, is the fact that

progress in the more recondite sciences, such as psychology and sociology, is showing precisely the same trend. Certainly in such a book as *The Jacobins* we have an extraordinary example of this very fact.

Within the scope of this review it is not possible to do justice to the many notable historical features of the work which presents one of the clearest and most complete reviews of the Jacobins, drawn from original sources, that has appeared. But, though we may not agree with all the author's conclusions, there can be no doubt of the principal truth that he expresses in his closing words.

"What was meant sincerely as a study in the new history," says Professor Brinton, "has come to a conclusion strangely like that of very old-fashioned history indeed. If the subject matter of the social sciences be natural man, then the Jacobin appears to have a touch of the supernatural. The French Revolution appears, as it did to Maistre, to Wordsworth and to Carlyle, as utterly inexplicable in terms of daily life, of common sense, of scientific causation. Yet perhaps we need not call the Revolution a miracle. Only if man is wholly at the mercy of his simpler appetites need we have recourse to the miraculous to explain Jacobin aberrations. If the incredibly complex world which human thought has added to the world of our simpler appetites can at times give ordinary men motives for action even stronger than these simpler appetites, then the French Revolution is inexplicable. It seems too bad to have to conclude that sometimes some men—or even many men—believe for no more apparent reason than that they want to believe, that their beliefs have, at least in part, independent and immaterial lives. Yet, if only in his capacity for adjusting his conduct to illusion and not to fact, man is most obviously an animal apart. Surely there is nothing surprising if a study of the Jacobins forces us to the conclusion that man cannot live by bread alone?"

**THE BENDING SICKLE.** By Cicely Farmer. William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.50.

In *The Bending Sickle*, Miss Cicely Farmer has given us a story in the modern mode, that is not photographic at all, though it might be called biographic. It is the story of a life from the cradle to the grave—the life of a woman who wins and keeps our admiration throughout all her career, largely because she wins and keeps her happiness against a fate that frustrates her instinctive desires. It is a fine story well told,

## ENID DINNIS' BOOKS

**THE** most distinctively Catholic novelist and short-story writer is Enid Dennis. "Every Catholic," says *America*, "who reads books should read Enid Dennis." And because this is our own conviction, we wish to make her works more widely known. Every book is surely worth the price.

**MR. COLEMAN, GENT** \$2.10  
This captivating romance is built on a sure historical foundation.

**THE SHEPHERD OF WEEPINGWOLD** \$2.10  
These pages sparkle with fun and fancy, bright bubbles on the current of piety and wisdom which run through her volume.

**THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE** \$1.35  
As in her other stories, Miss Dennis portrays a group of people that are vibrantly alive and real in a way that is at once serious and humorous.

**ONCE UPON ETERNITY** \$1.60  
These tales are meant for all God's children, old and young.

**GOD'S FAIRY TALES** \$1.60  
"Delightful" — that is the word that fits this dainty volume.

**THE THREE ROSES** \$2.10  
It is a brilliant historical romance, which presents an attractive picture of Catholic life in England in the 15th century.

**TRAVELLERS' TALES** \$1.60  
Fourteen short stories.

**THE ANCHORHOLD** \$2.10  
A Divine Comedy. "A solid book full of the courage of joy."

**MYSTICS ALL** \$1.60  
Wide circulation is the rightful due of this welcome collection of eleven stories which treat of Catholic mysticism.

**MORE MYSTICS** \$1.60  
Sixteen short stories, all full of rich humor, delicate beauty, and spiritual insight. It is a casket of gems.

**OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE** \$1.60  
Her latest book of short-stories.

*The above prices include postage.*

Order from:

**THE SIGN** Monastery Place  
Union City, N. J.

yet it is not this that interests us most.

One of the things that seems to us of most importance in the development of a new Catholic literature and art is the molding of modern forms to the ancient tradition. Too many Catholic writers in their loyalty to the tradition of the Church have balked at the use of forms associated in the minds of the age with its typical infidelity. There has been built up of recent years a very perfect technique in the art of writing of which the protagonists have been of the cynical school that scoffs at the past, and especially at the tradition of the Church. This has, not unnaturally, turned the hearts of Catholics against it, but the instinct here is wrong. That the tradition of the Church is ancient is true—it is eternal—and because it is eternal it has never feared to adopt any and all forms that have offered since it has had the power to infuse them with its own spirit. Once more it has within its grasp a new set of forms which it may take and make its own. It need have no fear because its strength is greater than any form, and it is this fearlessness that Miss Farmer has shown in her new novel.

**THE ALTAR BOYS OF ST. JOHN'S.** By Martin J. Scott, S. J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, \$1.50.

Father Martin Scott bears a well-earned reputation as an authoritative writer on Catholic doctrine and practice, but, with due respect, his métier is not fiction for or about boys. *The Altar Boys of St. John's* is not his first attempt in this direction, but, honestly, we hope it will be his last.

**RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN TRANSITION.** By Joseph Francis Thorning, S. J., Ph.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

The story of religious liberty in America is one that has long needed to be written by an impartial pen and Father Thorning's present work is very welcome as supplying the greatly felt want. Between those who, with Felicia Hemans, believe of the Pilgrims that

"They left unstained what there they found,  
"Freedom to worship God."—

and those who, with the late Mr. Choate, wish that instead of the Pilgrim Fathers landing upon Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had landed on them, there is ample space for more moderate opinions. It is among these more moderate opinions that Father Thorning takes his stand and his account of the growth of religious tolerance in this country makes one of the most interesting contributions

to American history that has appeared in many years.

From the somewhat captious love of liberty of the Pilgrims and the ferocious intolerance of the Calvinist Puritans who followed them down to the time when all beliefs were admitted on a theoretical equality before the law, the author traces in detail all the elements that went to the eventual triumph of this great democratic principle. Those elements were diverse indeed, extending from high spiritual motives down to considerations of good business, but the whole intricate web becomes clear in the masterly hands of this fine scholar.

**NEW LIGHTS ON PASTORAL PROBLEMS.** By Paul Hanly Furfey, Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.00.

In *New Lights on Pastoral Problems* Dr. Furfey takes up the subject of the pastor's relations to his parishioners and the problems with which he must deal both with the normal and abnormal members of his flock in a manner most interesting at once to the expert and the average man. His attempt, a highly successful one, is to show that modern psychological research is but added evidence of the traditional practice of the Church in this important field. The book is written primarily for the priest in charge of a parish but so clearly and simply does the author make his points that there are very few who will not find it a valuable and fascinating study in psychology.

**CATHOLIC CULTURE IN ALABAMA.** By Michael Kenny, S. J., Ph.D., Litt.D. The America Press. New York. \$5.00.

The History of Spring College during the century of its existence is, as Dr. James J. Walsh remarks in his introductory note, much more than the mere history of a college. It is the review of an extremely important chapter of Church history and includes that critical conflict as it appeared in America, a sort of reverberation of European affairs, in which Gallicanism and the Jansenist heresy threatened so gravely the unity of the Church.

Spring Hill College was one of the most important centers of Catholic faith and culture in the South and its activities, spreading out on all sides, was one of the chief influences that preserved that faith and culture against the almost overwhelming odds brought against them by the Protestant ignorance and prejudice. Indeed the story is one to strengthen a man's belief in modern miracles whatever may be his re-

ligious opinions, and, for the Catholic, to renew his faith in the ultimate victory of the spirit over all the powers of the world.

Today the all but desperate resistance and defence is undergoing a slow transition into an offensive action that may well spell ultimate conversion to the true faith and its triumph throughout a vast realm. The book is a real contribution to our American Church history.

**SILVER TRUMPETS CALLING.** By Lucile Borden. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Lucile Borden has already won a well deserved reputation as a writer of delightful stories and in *Silver Trumpets Calling* she has lived up to her reputation. It is the story of three girls—American, English and Russian—and the scene opens in a convent school as they are saying farewell or *au revoir* in the Spring of 1914. One feels the threat of that inauspicious year hanging over them and the threat develops with a vengeance.

But more dreadful than the war is the Red Revolution in Russia which entangles them in its far-reaching toils, since, as soldiers of Christ, they are drawn inexorably to that grim

battlefront to save those who have lost religion and hope.

Mrs. Borden is a writer of the romantic school. She has not adopted the modern analytical manner. With her it is the event, rather than the character, but this by no means implies censure. Undoubtedly it is important that Catholic writers should seize upon the forms that a new age has offered us since we are strongly moved by these, the typical product of our own psychology. Nevertheless it is equally necessary to preserve the older romantic form, for men, no matter how modern, are at heart romantic and can never escape the call of silver trumpets.

**A HANDBOOK OF FUNDAMENTAL THEOLOGY.** By the Rev. John Bruns-mann, S. V. D., freely adapted and edited by Arthur Preuss. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$4.00.

This is the third volume of this valuable handbook of Theology and takes up a very important aspect of this, the monarch of sciences. While the first volume is concerned with basic considerations and the second with the duty of every man to embrace the religion established by Our Lord, in this, the latest addition, it is explained "how and by what means that religion is made available to the individual man."

Naturally all those who possess the earlier volumes will feel it important to add this new section of the work to their shelves, but there are many who may find here a more personal application to the problems of life and may care to own it apart from its relation to what has gone before. The price is rather high.

**THE MASS.** By the Rev. S. Czerniejewski. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$0.35.

Though it is always celebrated in Latin, the Mass speaks in various languages especially to children. Some there are who, without instruction, find nothing there but a period during which they wait, with more or less patience, for release. Others, possessing imagination, have their wonder awakened by the age-old ritual which symbolizes the greatest drama in the history of the world. Still others appear to have an inherent love of God that mysteriously fills them with a sense of the Divine in the presence of that God upon the altar. But to all of them instruction in the mysteries brings a wider appreciation and a deeper love. Father Czerniejewski calls his little volume a text book, but it is more than this. It is instruction especially adapted to the understanding and imagination of the child and deserves to have a place in the training of children to the devotional life.

## Ralph Sadlier Cooney School Service Company

25 BARCLAY STREET  
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Copyrighted and Trade-marked  
Donation and Good Will  
CARDS

**T**HOSE interested in using a dignified method of exceptional efficiency in raising funds for Churches, Schools, Institutions, Sodalties, etc., are requested to write for complete information.

Repeat orders for our service are our best recommendation. Enquiries from Pastors, School Principals and Heads of Institutions are respectfully solicited.



# Gemma's League of Prayer

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

**The Object:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**The Methods:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**Membership:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

**Obligations:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

**The Reward:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

**The Patron:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**Headquarters:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

|                                 |           |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Masses Said .....               | 26        |
| Masses Heard .....              | 23,217    |
| Holy Communions .....           | 15,035    |
| Visits to B. Sacrament .....    | 29,414    |
| Spiritual Communions .....      | 103,868   |
| Benediction Services .....      | 7,011     |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings .....    | 49,444    |
| Stations of the Cross .....     | 9,647     |
| Visits to the Crucifix .....    | 27,541    |
| Beads of the Five Wounds .....  | 27,337    |
| Offerings of PP. Blood .....    | 170,387   |
| Visits to Our Lady .....        | 24,021    |
| Rosaries .....                  | 39,827    |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors ..... | 4,734     |
| Ejaculatory Prayers .....       | 2,038,579 |
| Hours of Study, Reading .....   | 13,740    |
| Hours of Labor .....            | 58,769    |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity ..... | 29,236    |
| Acts of Zeal .....              | 35,141    |
| Prayers, Devotions .....        | 750,220   |
| Hours of Silence .....          | 26,158    |
| Various Works .....             | 102,097   |
| Holy Hours .....                | 82        |

## ++++ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) +++++

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. WILLIAM S. CREEDEN  
REV. PHILIP A. TAGGART, M.M.  
REV. BENJAMIN C. HERGER  
MOTHER MARY OF ST. MARK (McGRATH)  
MR. M. GEORGIANA  
MRS. A. J. CARR  
CATHERINE BEGLEY  
MARY MCCANN  
JOHN P. BRUNNER  
MR. CAULFIELD  
JOHN B. DONOVAN  
TIMOTHY F. AHERN  
CHARLES F. BOOKEY  
ISABELLA SWAIN  
NELLIE DAVIS  
MARGARET MURPHY  
WILLIAM L. SENNON  
CATHERINE HUGHES  
JANE DWYER  
MARY JANE SMITH  
IDA L. BROWN  
MRS. L. BIRMINGHAM  
JAMES J. McENERNEY  
CATHERINE L. REARDON  
MARIE B. CONNELLY  
RAYMOND NESTOR  
MRS. JAMES E. NAGLE

MARTIN MILLER  
JAMES MAHON  
JOHN F. GEARY, SR.  
JAMES CLANCEY  
FRANCIS DECKER  
AGNES McGOVERN  
MARY MILLER  
MRS. REARDON  
CHARLES GORDON  
MRS. B. PASSA  
JOHN JOYCE  
THEODORE JAGLOWICZ  
GEORGE C. CROWLEY  
WILLIAM HITZFELD  
MATTHEW O'SHEA  
JOHN FRAWLEY  
ANNIE SLINE  
EDWARD L. CREEDEN  
CATHERINE C. McCONNIGLE  
DOMINICK TIVNAN  
CHARLES F. CONLON  
JOHN DOERR  
MARY E. LEAHY  
MARY A. DALY  
WILLIAM BOGART  
ANNA M. GRANT  
ALICE MURPHY  
MRS. A. SCHNEIDER  
EDWARD F. HUSSEY  
MARY A. FINNELL  
MARY KERRIGAN  
J. C. NAUMANN  
MRS. H. D. JAQUAY  
REBECCA M. KETTLER  
RICHARD DOOLEY, SR.  
RICHARD DOOLEY, JR.  
CATHERINE BRAHAY  
CLEMENT FELRON

MARGARET FLYNN  
MRS. SAMUEL GREGORY  
CATHERINE FAHEY  
GERTRUDE BROWN  
GURIE HAIG  
MARGARET L. SOMERS  
MR. MCCARTHY  
CATHERINE FREITAG  
NICHOLAS DONEGAN  
FRANK J. WENSTRUP  
JOHN T. DALY  
JOHN J. YORKE  
MRS. W. E. MOSHER  
ANASTASIA DUNN  
JOHN KISSEL  
KEITH SWIFT  
JOHN CADDEN  
MARY FOLEY  
MRS. J. H. FRIDAY  
JOSEPHINE R. FEATHERSTONE  
RICHARD BARRY  
WILLIAM P. CLEGG  
JAMES J. CLEGG  
HENRY BERGER  
FRANK J. McNAMARA  
CATHERINE BEGLEY  
MRS. JOHN ENROE  
MARY A. STEWART  
MARGARET BUTLER  
FREDERICK LEWIS  
ARTHUR STERRITT  
MRS. C. T. LALLY  
MARGARET McDONALD  
JAMES BUTLER  
THERESA DUMLER  
MRS. JOHN O'NEIL  
MARGARET MOONEY  
PATRICK MULLEN

JOHN E. STEWART  
KATHRINE STANLAKE  
JOHN NORTON  
WILLIAM KOEPPEN  
MARY C. NAEGLIE  
CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM  
MARY MACIAG  
CATHERINE BRENNAN  
MARGARET E. MONAHAN  
ANTON LEHR  
ELLEN A. MCKENZIE  
ANN DOUGHERTY  
S. V. STOCKMAN  
JOHN GILLERAN, JR.  
JOHN GILLERAN, R.  
ESTHER BURKE  
EUGENE A. BARRETT  
JOHN T. GALLAGHER  
MARGARET J. AHERNE  
HELEN E. MAHER  
MRS. W. CARHART  
MR. VANDERHOFF  
MISS A. SMYTH  
MRS. OTTO GOETZ  
OTTO GOETZ

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## DESOLATION IN HANKOW

By ALFRED CAGNEY, C. P.

NOT since 1870 has Central China, the two thousand mile valley of the Yangtze Kiang, known such long drawn out and torrential rains as have been falling this year since early spring. From the foot-hills of Tibet to the sea, the entire basin of this great river has been experiencing flood conditions and emptying its surplus water into the Yangtze, whose low banks and shallow bed have been unable to hold confined the immense volume of water which innumerable tributaries have been steadily pouring into it.

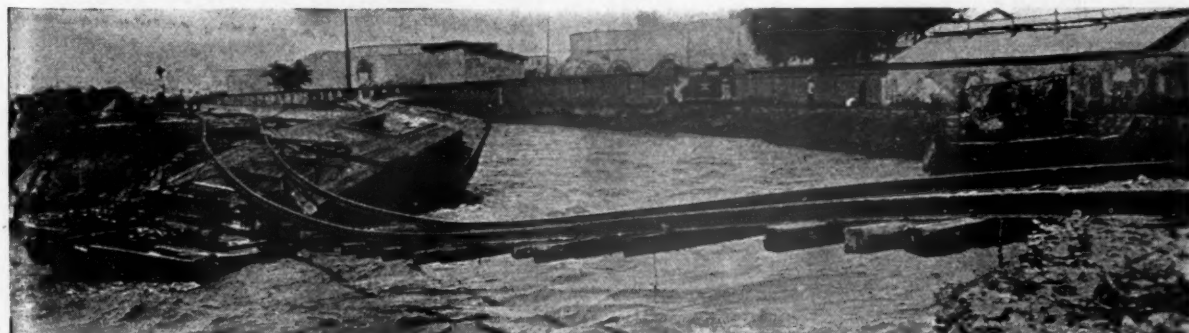
By the end of June the river had attained almost record height and in places where banks are particularly low had begun to overflow into the low-lying rice-lands. Ordinarily the rainy season ends at the close of June or thereabouts and this year when July opened clear and warm it was thought that the floods would abate and that danger for the crowded Yangtze cities had passed for yet another year. But it was not so to be. Again the sky clouded and rain began falling; growing in intensity day by day until one was

FROM our Mission Procuration in Hankow, once thought to be in a secure location but now in an area that has become a thirty mile lake, comes this graphic account of the flood in that city. The waters rose as with inevitableness of fate before the citizens who could not believe their eyes, while dykes for whose upkeep they had long paid taxes collapsed under the tremendous strain of the expanding Yangtze. Real apprehension is felt of what is yet to come when the receding waters leave their unclean deposit in cities that have been made desolate and on a countryside where the crops have rotted or been washed away.

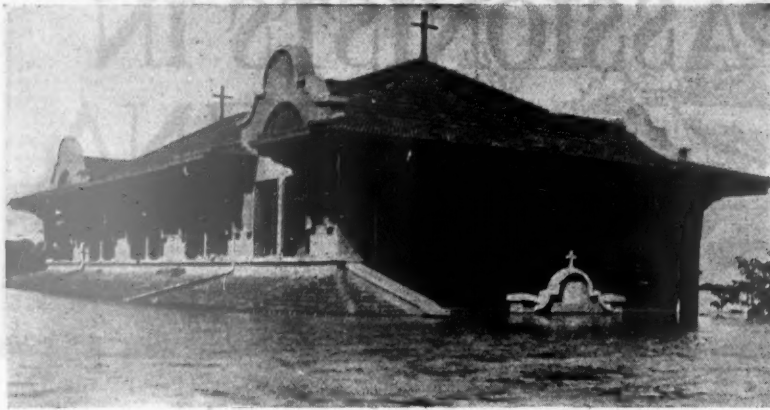
lost in wonder that the heavens could hold so much water. Until one's clothing became green with mould and still there was no sun to air them in. Indeed the sun seemed to have been blotted out of the sky as days ran into weeks and not once

did it break through the leaden skies. The period which the Chinese call the "big heat" passed cool and damp; one thought of covering by night and in these parts that in itself is worthy of recording.

ALL the while the river kept rising higher and higher until the day came when it lapped the concrete sidewalk of the Bund and began to trickle into the road. Men said it could rise no higher and must soon recede. It did not. And so the gaps in the shallow embankment which runs the entire length of the city and which permit of the public descending the broad stone steps which lead to the boats were hastily filled with mud and cement and the city felt secure. The river would never rise another foot and thus flow over the embankment. And so the holiday crowds flocked to the river's edge to witness for themselves this strange sight of a river which in the course of a few weeks had well nigh doubled its breadth. Many were the surmises made and guesses hazarded as to how many inches it might still mount up the side of the barrier.



At a point seven miles below Hankow the railway embankment has long served as a connecting link in the system of dykes, protecting the city. Under the long weeks of strain due to the tremendous weight of rushing water the embankment gave way.



Second day. The water rose about one foot higher than this picture shows.

Here and there the water broke through a hole which had been overlooked and flooded the streets; in places deep enough. But it was a novel experience; perhaps one of a lifetime; what matter; in a few days all would be over and no great harm would have been done.

Then at a few low-lying places water did actually overflow the embankment, rushing into the native city and certain sections of the foreign concessions. Streets ran with water; ricksha-pullers were up to the knee in water; the bolder and more venturesome took to boats. But no one really worried. Hankow an Oriental Venice; it was the sight of a lifetime, one not to be missed. Sightseers were everywhere paying handsome prices for old-fashioned horse-drawn carriages, or fishermen's sampans, or for the experience of being hauled by coolies up to their hips in water. And you had better hurry for the water would be surely gone tomorrow.

AND so a week passed and the water was now flowing freely over the embankments. Each day added to the depth of the inundated streets. Few in the city were not affected by this phenomenon. The holiday spirit soon gave way to a more serious one; this in turn was succeeded by a stolid endurance which in turn gave way to a sense of exasperation. This was the period of blocked drains, overflowing sewers and complete dislocation of the city's normal social and commercial life.

Had the flood gone no further its results would have been grave enough, for when the water recedes from flooded areas leaving in its wake a heavy deposit of muck, filth and scattered sewage all manner of diseases incubate and propagate there. And so the more far-sighted of the citizens began to take alarm.

And then the flood suddenly passed into its second and more tragic stage.

The city of Hankow—both native and foreign—including the extensive foreign suburb known as the Jardine Estate, is built on low-lying redeemed land protected by a system of dykes running far back from the river and parallel to it. Dykes also heightened and strengthened the bank of the river for miles down stream. When Hankow first began to emerge as a city from the low-lying swamp land these dykes must have loomed large in the municipal mind; but it would seem that gradually the city forgot its dependence upon those dykes. Certainly not many in Hankow ever lay awake at night speculating on those bulwarks of the town and in realty circles they were never mentioned at all. Many a Hankow householder has lived out his allotted span and never so much as knew that there were dykes in all that territory. In one place only

were they remembered and that is in the tax office. As now appears the amount collected annually by way of customs and surtaxes levied on all goods coming into the city for the upkeep of these dykes was a very fat and luscious one. Had this money been devoted to the purpose for which it was extorted Hankow would have been impervious to any flood howsoever high or voluminous.

Rumors began to go abroad that the dykes were unsafe; that if a break occurred the city would be in great danger. The initiated few understood the significance of these reports; the majority were only mystified and unconvinced.

AT a point seven miles below the city the railway embankment has long served as a dyke connecting the system. Under the long weeks of strain due to the tremendous weight of water rushing against it the embankment broke for a space of some ninety yards. This was directly in the rear of the Standard Oil Installation Plant. The gravity of the situation was at once realized. The river began plunging through. The foreign Consul's at once notified their nationals living in the suburbs and in the Jardine Estate of the danger. Word came to the Procurator about eleven o'clock in the evening.

The break occurred at a point so remote and the expanse of low-lying country so broad that it was not until the following morning that the first effects of the damaged dyke began to make their appearance in the Estate.



Fathers Alfred and Ronald left high and dry in the second story of the Procure Building. The water was over the verandah roof.



It would have seemed a wild stretch of the imagination indeed if one had predicted even then the extent to which the waters would have risen and the damage which would be done. For far beyond the horizon the country lay flat with nothing to interrupt the view but clumps of shrubbery here and there with an occasional tree. No mountains or hills in sight to close us in and serve as a bowl to hold the water. A few inches' rise over the entire area and that would be all. A few inches of water do not greatly concern a ricksha-puller nor impede the family Ford so all would yet be well.

**WE** ARE humbler and wiser now. Slowly, slowly the reddish water from the Yangtze crept up the grey, macadamized auto-road. There was something uncanny and fascinating in its leisurely determined approach. There was something of the inevitableness of fate in the way the water trickled in through the wide gate and began to spread itself across the lawn and walk. Then it began washing the verandah steps, then grimly to mount them. While the verandah was being menaced all portable furniture, books, papers, office supplies were moved to the second floor. Far removed from danger as we then thought.

Through the night the water rose with perfect regularity, one inch an hour until when morning came the verandah was under water. At breakfast time the first leaks came in the doors; in a few minutes our feet were in water. Then came the second mounting up the main stairway. Gradually, but oh so surely, did the level rise—always one inch an hour. Was there no end to this water and would it never cease? What a day of anxiety and suspense as we saw one step after another disappear from view and all the time we were wondering and praying that



In the Jardine Estate refugees build shelters in a tree within view of the Procure Building.

the level would fall short of the second floor.

We were four priests with the house boys all marooned in the top floor of the Procurement in the midst of a steadily rising and expanding lake. From all directions sampans began to appear, cruising where but a few hours before had been green lawns, costly shrubbery, well

kept motor roads, and artistic fences. As we looked out we could see the refugees sailing by in their flat-bottomed boats piled high with all manner of household furniture salvaged from the relentlessly rising tide. Or again it was an improvised raft made of slender trees held together with bamboo rope and laden with the things most essential in the life of these simple hardworking peasants—a bed, a plough, a fishing-net, a bamboo fish-trap, a large mat for drying rice, an iron pan snatched from the earthen stove, a few rice bowls, a wadded bed-spread or two, a shallow wooden tub, a water-bucket. Not one of these things nor the whole lot together would bring much in a public market but to these sturdy folk who make their living from the soil in the sweat of their brow and who indulge little in the luxuries or pleasures of the city, these cargoes were precious indeed and as jealously protected and guarded as any boat-load of rich furniture from the palatial residences of the wealthy.

**IT** WAS pathetic and tragic during the first stages to see women and children coming up the auto-road driving ahead of them a water-buffalo, a pig or a few ducks. More heart-breaking still to see them wandering back, bewildered and disconsolate because the animals might not enter the city barrier. And if the buffalo must needs be left behind how would they ever be able to till the land again; better to lose one's right hand than the faithful beasts of burden. Near our gate I met a little boy carrying a duck gripped by the neck. It was limp enough and I asked him if it were dead.

"Oh no, it is alive," and he patted it fondly. Other than a pair of short linen trunks he had not another belonging in the world.

Adversity makes strange bed-fel-



As the dykes broke, immense volumes of water rushed into the native city, battering down houses, destroying food supplies, driving people from their homes, and destroying thousands. This photo was taken as the streets were filling with water.



Father Alfred leaving the Procure Building to find another home.

lows. Coolies, gentry, men, women and foreigners were all literally in the same boat; all working frantically to save from the waters what each thought to be most valuable. It was a real joy during all this time of stress to see the spirit of cheer, good-will and cooperation manifested on every side. One more evidence that your Chinaman is a good fellow at heart; too often, alas! the unwitting victim of an artificially created anti-foreign bias the work of selfish, venal politicians.

**M**ANY are the impressions gathered during these hectic, anxious days of disaster but none will remain longer with me than that made by the loyalty displayed by the two house boys and the cook during all these days of labor, hazard and discomfort. Were the Procuration and its furniture their own individual property an dthe priests their elder brothers they could not have risen to the occasion with more disinterestedness and devotion to duty than they displayed. They are deserving of our lasting gratitude.

When the water level had come to within a few inches of the second floor three Fathers moved into the city, leaving Father Ronald with the boys to watch the premises and to guard the Procuration records and furniture which still remained. For a day and a half the level remained just one inch from the floor and our hopes rose high that the high-water-mark had been reached. But it was not to be. Other dykes about the city began to give way under the tremendous strain still further flooding wide city areas and spreading the zone of destruction. The once Jardine Estate became but a bay in a lake some thirty square miles in

extent and twenty feet in depth. As these dykes broke immense volumes of water rushed into the native city, drowning hundreds, battering down houses, destroying food supplies, driving tens of thousands to the railway embankments which alone offered dry lodging space. With this increase of water the level in the Procuration rose four inches above the second floor at which point it stopped. Sampans drawn up to the windows of the Procuration gave it the appearance of a big boat-house.

And with the rising waters came countless thousands of frogs in all stages of development and of every species; large, venomous water-snakes; every manner of swamp bug; and over all a green scum. There was

something awesome in the spectacle of green frogs perched on the cornices of the house, of snakes floating outside the upper windows or swimming in the great basin of water which formed at the head of the main stairs. Who could look on this scene of wreckage and not feel his utter impotence before the mighty forces of nature which man has not yet been able to tame. We may pry into the secrets of nature and when she is kind and beneficent we may perhaps treat with her and at times bend her to our will but when she rises in her wrath and strength what fragile, pathetic creatures we men are.

**A** FEW days ago when the waters had receded a little, I had occasion to return to the flooded Procuration; Father Ronald and the boys were packing up what still remained for moving against another probable rise in level. In a ricksha up to the foot-board I made my way through the Concession streets. Sampans were everywhere and congesting traffic. On every hand, yards, cellars and ground floors were deep in water. Boys were happily swimming at their front doors; children were enjoying boat rides in round foot tubs; coolies to their waists in water transporting merchandise on their heads; a ricksha wheel comes off and the occupant gets an impromptu and dirty bath; a foreigner steps out from his apartment and with much precision picks his steps to the waiting ricksha which is drawn close to the door. He mounts and the coolie takes up the shafts; water has obliterated the drop to the



The house boys of the Procure Building leaving for the city.



Scene in the Native Section of Hankow.

sidewalk, a wheel slips over and the immaculately dressed young man takes a plunge. A shout of laughter arises on all sides; a typically Chinese joke. An industrious housewife is doing the weekly wash by slapping the clothes on the front door-step; anyway she won't have to walk to the river bank this week. Next door the family have just finished the noonday meal; the bowls and chop-sticks are being scoured in the convenient water. An auto truck plunges by churning up the muddy stream and sending jets of noisome water in all directions.

**W**E TURN off a main street and pass through the gates to the Jardine Estate. There are a few hundred yards to the railway embankment. This is a high spot and hither refugees have flocked by the thousands, throwing up hastily constructed huts made with poles and bamboo matting. It is a immense hive of destitute humanity—men, women, innumerable children.

But this day it is raining pitilessly and the water from the smooth convex auto-road is running into their huts and drenching once more the salvaged wreckage. Rain is dripping in through the sieve-like roofs and beating from side to side, for these huts have no walls and all the time the occupants are standing in the water forlorn and utterly miserable. Dirt, squalor, stench; surely the last word in human destitution.

A little further on beyond the railway crossing but a few days ago a well-kept, shaded roadway, now dotted with sampans waiting by the shore of this newly formed lake.

What shouting, fighting, gesticulating as anxious property holders bargained with the boatmen for the trip across the water to their slowly sinking homes.

What a change has been wrought within a few days is brought home to me when I call upon a boat-man in a big junk. I ask him how much he wants to take me to the Passionist Procurator; he shouts back an exorbitant sum, because, he says, the wind is strong and the waves are high and it will be dangerous. I call him a robber and a pirate for bleeding innocent folk. He is not offended. His family have suffered and he is out to make an honest penny. We compromise for half the price and we set out. The wind is strong and the waves rocked the big boat. Dark, grey rain swept the water in sheets drenching us to the skin. As we drew further away from the edge all walls and fences disappeared; it was necessary to stoop down low in the boat to avoid the telephone wires; in places we passed over them. A steam barge chugged by—patrolling the Estate. Through the pelting rain one could see here and there standing above the surface of the water the second stories of what were once strongly built residences looking all the world like liners sinking at sea. Drifting about were all manner of jetsam and flotsam—the wreckage of thousands of homes. I felt that I had seen as far as is possible for human eye to see the desolation of desolation.

In the face of this calamity the authorities are doing what they can to bring relief to the sufferers. It is

estimated that there are 300,000 refugees in Hankow. Feeding so many is a problem—a problem made doubly difficult if not hopeless by the destruction of the very area which supplied the vegetable markets of the city. Hundreds have been drowned and other hundreds are dying daily. Of sanitation there is none so that pestilence is raising its menacing form.

**T**HE Bishop of Hankow, his priests and Sisters are working with indefatigable zeal amongst the stricken. It is heart-breaking work for the numbers are so vast and means and workers so inadequate to cope properly with the situation. Last evening I was inspired by the sight of six Sisters returning to the Hospital. They were riding in rickshas hauled by coolies splashing knee deep in water; they were wet and weary after their day amongst the refugees but as they stepped out onto the narrow platform built out into the street to serve as landing posts for guests arriving by sampan or ricksha, I heard the laugh and saw the beaming smile they gave the sweating coolies. Perhaps they were thinking of the hundreds of babies baptized that day and sent to heaven or was it perhaps the gentleness of Christ's shining forth in these selfless women and which can be urbane even with the lowliest of men.

Within the hospital I was speaking to one of the Columban Fathers, a patient there. He was saying Mass in the chapel of the central house in Hanyang when a nearby dyke broke. The water rose so rapidly that as he said the *Salve Regina* at the end of the Mass he was up to his waist in water.

In the face of such destruction what can we say except it be to repeat with Holy Job, the Lord has given and the Lord can take away, blessed be His Holy Name.

The story which you have just finished reading is a graphic account of what the flood has meant to Hankow. But the story of the real desolation will come later and will be written in poverty, pestilence, starvation and death. Please do pray for our missionaries and their afflicted people. If your means permit, we shall be grateful for any donation you may send to The Sign.



# RIDING THE FLOOD

By TIMOTHY McDERMOTT, C. P.

CHINA is out-doing itself for my benefit. This second coming of mine is going to be as noteworthy as my first. We were one day late in reaching Shanghai, having been delayed in Japan due to heavy rains. We should have known or rather remembered that "coming events cast their shadows before." We are all too painfully aware of that fact now, as this letter will show.

We spent only two days in Shanghai, enjoying the hospitality of the Franciscan Fathers, then we started for Hankow aboard the "Lungwo." On our arrival in Hankow we had to take Father Linus to the hospital with a bad case of typhoid. You will be glad to know that he is well on the way to recovery. That was our first set-back. We had word from Father Alfred that we were to await the arrival of the Prefect in Hankow; Father Alfred and Father Ronald being splendid hosts, we found the waiting very much to our liking.

THE Prefect arrived in due time, on Monday, June 29th. That night he informed me I was to be the missionary of Yungui. He tells me he believes it holds great promise. I asked if I had any Christians to start out with and he replied that I would find a few who were baptized. When I asked if we had any kind of quarters, he said that we had a house on the main street, but that we would not be able to live there for more than a week. My next question was: "What do I need to take with me?" The reply was: "You shall need everything." If I am to do anything with the Miao or aborigines I'll have to learn a new language and I don't have the enthusiasm and undaunted spirit I had ten years ago. So, I certainly shall need prayers and plenty of them. If I make any headway at Yungui, I'll know it is due to the prayers of my friends at home. I am bringing nothing to my job except the will to persevere and an absolute dependence on the Will of God. I would die happy though if I could learn the way to the hearts of the Miao and win their confidence, thus doing my little to carry on the work that was so nobly started some years ago.

After receiving my appointment Father Ernest and I arranged to leave on the following Friday for Changteh. That meant that we had to hustle to get what we needed for our new missions. By Wednesday we were far on towards the comple-

tion of our arrangements. Our tickets were purchased on the Japanese steamer that runs to Changteh in high water, when suddenly our second set-back came—Father Ernest went to the hospital with a bad case of dysentery. We had to postpone our departure as Father Ernest was laid up for five days or more.

We celebrated a rather quiet Fourth of July in Hankow. Our group was a bit glum as two of our number were on the sick-list and we

were wondering who was going down next.

Eventually, on July 10, we were able to board the Japanese steamer for Changteh. Fathers Ernest, Denis, Leo and myself made up the party. Father Maurice, the Vicar General for the American Friars Minor, Father Alfred and Father Ronald saw us off. The only other white passenger aboard turned out to be an old friend of ours, Doctor Tootell, who has charge of the



Sister Clarissa Stadtmiller, of the Sisters of St. Joseph from Baden, Pa., sailed for China on September 4, 1926. Sister Clarissa was born in St. Mary's parish, Syracuse, N. Y., November 16, 1896. When she was about four years old the family moved to Columbus, Ohio. On the completion of her studies at the Academy of the Dominican nuns in Columbus and that of the Franciscan Sisters of Stella Niagara, she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph. On September 4, 1926, Sister Clarissa sailed for China. She and her companions arrived at their mission of Yuanchow after passing through many dangers. They were there but a few months when a wave of Communism swept over Hunan and forced them to leave their mission for a while. Because of hardships and privations suffered during a journey of a thousand miles across the mountains in the interior of China, Sister Clarissa was exhausted. She contracted fever and died in Chungking, Szechuan, on July 21, 1927.



Smiling Rita Chang lends a hand. Herself an orphan, abandoned by her parents, she was welcomed by the Sisters of Charity. She has developed into a promising girl under their care at the Shenchow orphanage. Here she is shown taking care of a baby recently left at the mission door by poverty-stricken parents. Every day Rita prays for her benefactors. As a subscriber to *The Sign*, you are included.

up from Hankow on the "Yuenkiang Maru," a sister ship of ours, and strangely enough it had on board one Japanese passenger who had come over to China with us across the Pacific on the "Chichibu Maru." He was en route to Changsha to buy pig bristles for export to his firm in Japan, brush manufacturers. That night we had a Japanese dinner, together with the Captain, the Chief Officer and the Chief Engineer of our boat, all Japanese, of course. We were quite amused by Fathers Leo and Denis in their first attempt to eat with chop-sticks.

WE HAD word that, late that night, an "Ark"—a barge pulled by a tug—might be due in Tchong-ling-ki, so we decided to wait up for it. About two in the morning it came, and we learned we might find room on it. We hired a large sampan and transferred our luggage over to the Ark. Before we could board it we had to argue with the compradore about the price of tickets. Eventually we piled our luggage in one of the cabins deluxe in the hold and crowded in on top of it, four Fathers and a Chinese servant.

This space, about six by eight feet in dimensions, filled with all our luggage, had to do for the five of us till we got to Yochow, when we would get another cabin. We called for a pot of hot tea and in the dark Father Ernest had his hand scalded. Father Denis was pouring the tea into the small cup which Father Ernest held. In the dark he poured too much and it ran over on Father Ernest's hand. Imagine what it felt like! Tea, you know, over here is boiling water slightly discolored by a few tea leaves. Despite the scald Father Ernest did not drop the cup, which speaks well for his nerves and resistance. We happened to have some almond oil in my bag so we dressed up his hand with that and went on with our tea bout.

Some time after four we reached Yochow and amid much noise and cursing our neighbors, soldiers, evacuated their cabin. The door was taken down between the two cabins. The second cabin was given a bit of cleaning a la Chinois. We were able to put half the luggage in the second cabin and the other half in the first cabin. Our bed rolls were opened up and some time before five we turned in for our night's rest.

Usually these cabins have two small windows about two feet square. Each of ours had but one window apiece. As the rain was coming down in torrents and the wind blowing, we were getting so wet that we were forced to close up both windows and doors. We kept fairly dry but undecidably uncomfortable.

About nine o'clock the boy passed

Logan Memorial Hospital in Changteh, Hunan.

As the anchor was being lifted one of the officers came and told us that a wire had just been received from Changteh stating that the water was forty odd feet high up river and we might be delayed for a day or two at Yochow. There was nothing to do but tell him to "carry on."

On Saturday morning, July 11th, we dropped anchor at Tchong-ling-ki, the first port in Hunan at the mouth of the Tung-Ting Lake. There we stayed until Sunday noon. I said Mass that morning in the combination Dining Room and Sitting Room, the others assisting. Sunday evening, at dark, we dropped anchor in the lake a short distance below Yuenkiang. Monday morning we started again about six o'clock and carried on until about noon when we dropped anchor about thirty-five miles below Hankow. The whole country is inundated and is one immense, uncharted lake. Incidentally, I should have mentioned that as soon as we reached Tchong-ling-ki on Saturday we were joined by a Japanese gun-boat. It kept right with us up the river, tying to our boat at night. It was the first Japanese man-of-war to cross the lake in twelve years!

FROM Monday noon till Thursday morning we stayed at anchor, every day expecting to get under way. But the water kept coming up, and all of a sudden we found the current had changed directions. The Yangtze was backing up into Tung-Ting Lake and the water began flowing towards Changteh instead of towards Hankow!

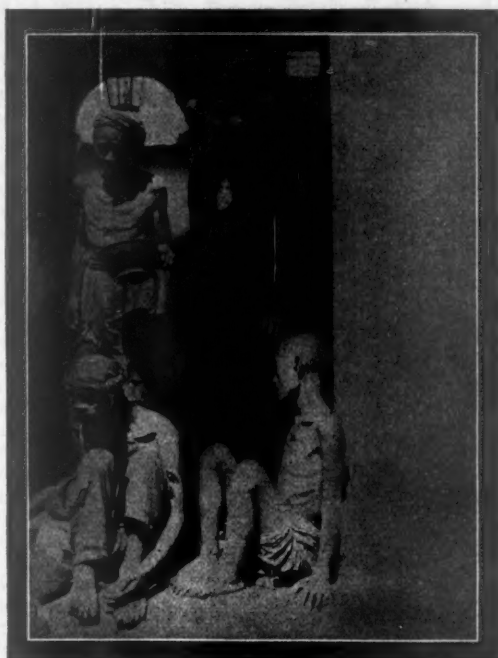
By Wednesday our food supplies were about consumed. Something had to be done. We pulled up anchor Thursday morning and went about ten miles further to the main channel, hoping to find a Chinese boat en route to Changteh. Our boat dared not go on as we created a heavy wash which endangered the dykes and might overturn the houses which were all half-submerged.

A Chinese launch came along from Changsha, the Chinese crowded on it like flies swarming on a barrel of molasses. The officers of the Japanese boat advised us not to get on for fear the launch would capsize. What were we to do? There was nothing left for us but to return with the Japanese steamer, which had to put back to Tchong-ling-ki for coal and supplies.

By Friday noon we were back in Tchong-ling-ki and there we stayed until Tuesday. Monday supplies came



Three out of two thousand! This picture was taken at Shenchow mission, in which city alone, in 1926, over two thousand were kept alive by a dole of rice. There were other famine victims who were in extremities when they reached the mission, and whom no earthly help could save. Father Theophane Maguire, C. P., is shown here with three blind beggars. All three were baptized before death. What a harvest of souls was reaped through the generosity of our readers who, by their charity, made it possible for us to care for these victims!



in basins of hot water and we performed our matutinal ablutions. We squatted on the bunks and were served a bowl of very coarse rice, hard boiled eggs—this year's crop, I do believe—boiled, diced squash, and bean curd. All of course was eaten with chop-sticks and washed down with some more discolored boiling water, yclept tea. I won't say we enjoyed it but we did repel, for the nonce, the pangs of hunger. There was nothing more thrilling than having our beds soaked by rain until five o'clock that night when we had our second and last meal of the day. It was the same as the breakfast with the one exception that we had a bit of fried pork fat as a garnish. By this time our boat had tied up and all who were going to Iyang crowded over on the launch or tug and started for that city, ten miles away. In the meantime we had to await the return of the launch before continuing our voyage. While waiting we had an audience of about thirty or more men, women and children standing on the bank and taking their fill of gazing at the "foreign devils." About ten o'clock, when we were about half eaten by mosquitoes, our tug returned and we

got under way for Yuenkiang. The following morning we had the same kind of breakfast as before, which even a hungry Chinese might have had misgivings in eating, and so we

whiled away another rainy day until about five in the evening when we reached Changteh.

A month before we had sent a man ahead to hire a junk to take us to Shenchow. We learned that our hired junk was anchored a quarter of a mile or so above the wharf where we landed. After much arguing we managed to settle our "tea bill" or "cumshaw" or "graft" (as you will) with the robbers that call themselves "Boys" or "Stewards" on the Ark. We called two sampans and poled and rowed up the river, "singing in the rain," to our junk.

The first thing we did was to get our "Boy," Father Quentin's cook lent to us for the trip, to pitch in to get us a meal. We were tired, cramped, cold, weary, but mostly hungry. By eight or eight-thirty he turned out the meal and we squatted in tailor fashion on the floor of the junk and by the light of a lantern we devoured (I use the word purposely) the first real meal we had in some days. Then we were ready for bed. But how could I forget it? We finished off that meal with a good cup of coffee! What a treat that was! Then to our bed rolls for a decent sleep. The only trouble was that the boatman, terribly afraid of sneak thieves, shut the boat up tight. In the wee hours of the morning, while the boatman slept, we opened up both ends of the boat and got some ventilation into it.

The next morning we came up-town to the Spanish Fathers and said Mass. Here we are doubled up in two rooms in the Seminary.

The rain continues to come down in torrents; the floods are unabated. Dykes are broken—cities and fields



Here is shown the only picture ever taken whereon the three Fathers who were later killed by the bandits are shown together. Father Walter Coveyou, C. P., is second from the left in the top row. In the same row, third from the right, is shown Father Clement Seybold, C. P. Seated on the extreme right is Father Godfrey Holbein, C. P. This picture was taken at the close of the annual retreat just a few days before the tragedy, and within a few hours of their actual departure from Shenchow.





are inundated—houses are submerged or swept away. Thousands have been drowned—tens of thousands are homeless and starving. Crops are ruined. Banditry is breaking out everywhere—those that have lost everything are desperate and are trying to appropriate from those that have. The magistrate here today has proclaimed a fast—"no meat, no eggs, no fish" until the rain ceases and the floods recede. There

will be no rice crop this year. The price of rice is soaring already. This Winter, next Spring and Summer will undoubtedly see famine and much suffering.

When I came to China ten years ago we had two years of drought and an unprecedented famine. This time, on my return, we have floods the like of which they say here have not been seen in seventy years.

Heretofore, this time in July we would expect anywhere from 100 to 115 degrees. Now we are wearing heavy clothes, using winter bedding, and shivering. No one remembers ever having known of such cold weather in July. For two solid weeks the rain has come down in torrents and still is falling. China certainly is the land of extremes. But now the oil is going out in the lamp and I needs must quit. Pray for us.

# A FIRST RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

By

Francis Flaherty, C. P.

*The Start of what, we think, will prove the Beginning of a Native Sisterhood in the Passionist Mission District in Hunan, China*

**J**UNE 4, 1931, was a red letter day in the history of the Passionist Prefecture of Shenchow, Western Hunan, China; for it marked the religious profession of the first native Sister of Charity, Sister Mary Therese.

Sister Mary Therese, known before her profession as Mary Twan, was born in Peking in 1896. Both her parents and grandparents were Christians. In the same city she was educated. Her parents both died while she was still quite young.

Upon the arrival of the Sisters of Charity from Convent Station, New Jersey, in China, Mary Twan devoted herself to their service. The Sisters found a rare gem in her and her loyalty and assistance were invaluable to them in their work for souls. During the troublesome days of the Red upheaval in 1927, it was due in no small measure to the courage and intelligent direction of Mary Twan that the five American Sisters were able to make their way from the interior of turbulent Hunan to the safety and protection of the treaty port of Shanghai, a distance of almost a thousand miles.

Mary again accompanied the Sisters when they returned to the interior of Hunan. Daily contact with the self sacrificing lives of the Sisters in their work for the poor, the sick and the neglected, soon engendered in her heart a desire to devote her own life to the Cause of Christ in her native land. Accordingly she made formal application for admission into the congregation and, after due season, was admitted. In Janu-



Sister Mary Therese Twan, first professed native Sister of Charity in Shenchow, Hunan. The profession ceremony was an occasion of great rejoicing, not only for the Fathers and Sisters, but also for the Christians of the whole Passionist Prefecture.

ary, 1929, she received the habit of the Sisters of Charity and began her canonical novitiate under the spiritual direction of Sister Devota Ross.

During her novitiate she proved worthy of the privilege of becoming a Sister of Charity, and on June 4, she took her religious vows. The Rt. Rev. Prefect, Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara celebrated the Mass, and delivered an exhortation to be worthy of the vocation to which she was called.

A couple of hours later another Mass was said in the parish church of Shenchow, and Father Jeremiah McNamara gave an inspiring sermon on the dignity and meaning of a Religious Profession. Christians from various missions had come to the central mission for the occasion, bringing various gifts of prayers, Mass intentions and many useful articles, as an attestation of their joy in seeing one of their own called to this high dignity. Vocal manifestations were not sufficient and therefore the quiet of the compound was frequently interrupted by bursts of firecrackers to honor the newly made Sister. The guests were later served with refreshments to lend a bit of ballast to their spiritual joy. The happy day closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

May Sister Mary Therese's profession be the first stone in the edifice of the founding of the Sisters of Charity in Western Hunan, where the success of the Church must be attributed in no small degree to the distinguished work of the self-sacrificing Sisters.

# Who Will Die Tonight?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ..... ) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within ..... months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ....., 19 .....*

*Signed ..... Witness .....*

*Witness ..... Witness .....*

## ◀◀ Painless Giving ▶▶

*A* GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

*Please write or print Name and Address very plain.*

# For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

**1** Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

## MISSION NEEDS

**2** Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

## STUDENT BURSES

**3** It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

## YOUR LAST WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$      ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*



The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you may care to make for their benefit.

## YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

*Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.*



# Where Put Your Money?

## GET A LIFE INCOME HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

You can't take it with you!  
Will you hoard or spend it?  
Give it away or make a  
Will?  
Why not buy Life  
Annuities?

### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

### What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

u!  
t?  
a  
fe

J.,  
th

ety  
ew

ui-  
st-  
me

res

he

he  
nist

ved  
ved  
ly;  
ent

ers'

ity

An  
rer  
in  
nd  
nist  
gs.